

MAY 28, 1982 • \$1.50

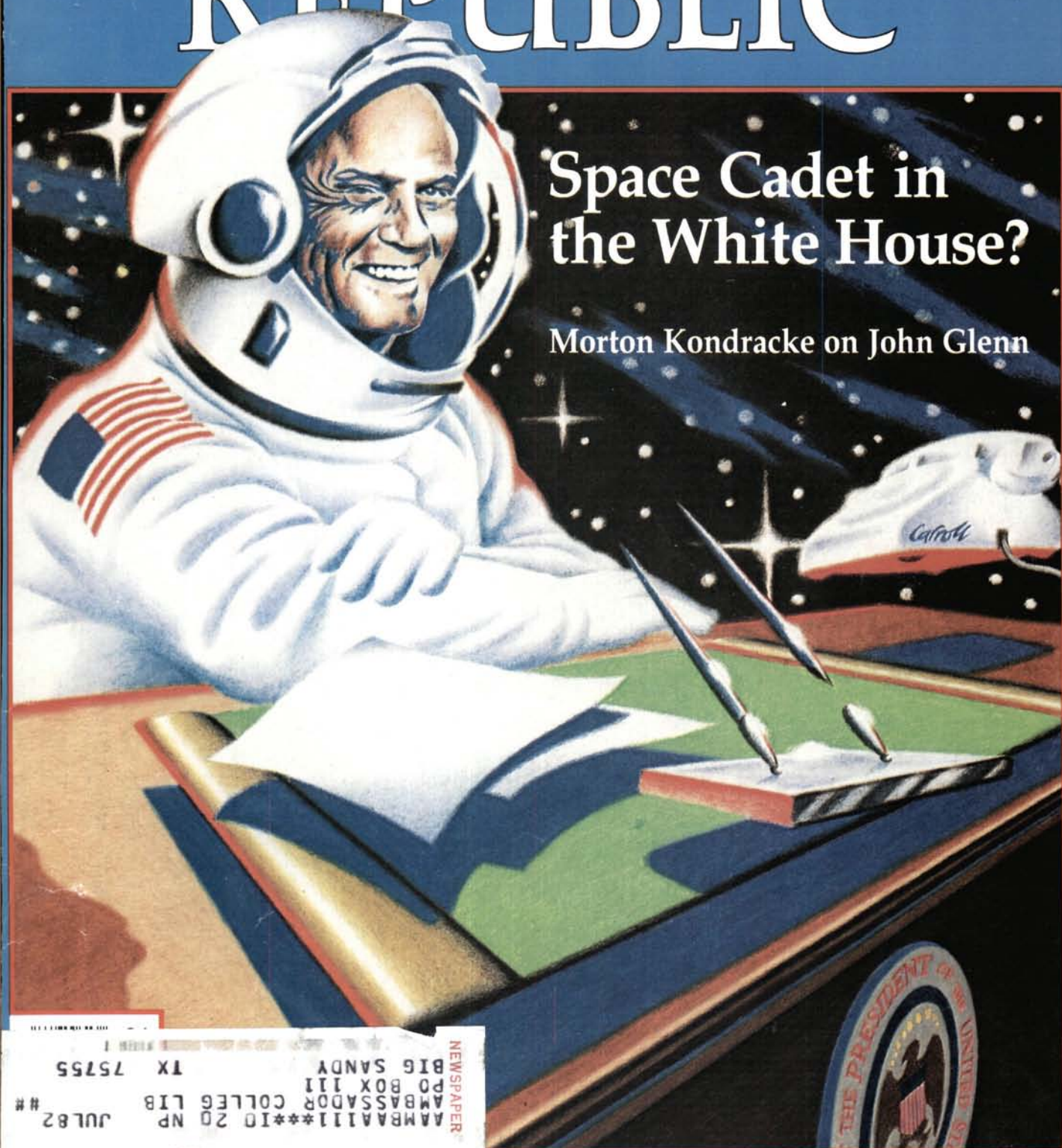
Why Stalin Was Even Worse Than Hitler

Shirley Christian • Elie Kedourie • Bernard Knox • Czeslaw Milosz

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Space Cadet in the White House?

Morton Kondracke on John Glenn



NEWSPAPER
AAMBA1111**ID 20 NP
AMBA1111 COLLEGE LIB
JUL 82
TX 75755
BIG SANDY
PO BOX 111



Watching The

That's right. Ford Aerospace. Forty-seven satellites that have been successfully launched have been built by Ford Aerospace & Communications Corporation.

Soon two-thirds of all overseas communications will travel by Ford Aerospace built satellites. So will almost all intercontinental television programming.

Ford Motor Company's involvement in

radio communication began on November 20, 1920, when the Henry Ford Wireless Station broadcast the Harding-Cox election returns to hundreds of people in Dearborn, Michigan, with their ears glued to their crystal receivers.

Ford was also one of the first industrial companies to use radio. In 1924 four Ford plants were connected by radio to four ships in its Great Lakes fleet. That system handled about



Fords Go By.

100 messages a day. The Ford Aerospace built communications satellites today process tens of millions of messages daily.

Now Ford Aerospace technology helps guide the Columbia Space Shuttle. And helped bring back pictures from Saturn. In fact, almost 1,100

of the people who work at NASA's Johnson Space Center are Ford Aerospace employees.

If it were shown separately, Ford Aerospace would rank in the Fortune 500, with sales approaching a billion dollars a year. The sky's the limit.



There's A Ford In America's Future.

TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

CONGRESSIONAL IMPASSE

Every now and then the Washington correspondent has a fleeting wonder; he pauses for a second and meditates. The question that baffles him is, "What makes the American government work?" He can't decide and turns to something more profitable.

The other day Senator Kennedy mused on the Senate floor: "No other piece of legislation in which I have been involved has had so much work put into it by so many dedicated senators on both sides of the aisle." He was delivering a little obituary for the Criminal Code Reform Act which has been before Congress since 1966. It was evident that again it wouldn't pass. He was just dropping a tear on the coffin.

The American government rarely meets complete blockage. The last time began ten years ago: on June 17, 1972, five men employed by the Committee to Reelect the President burglarized the Democratic National Committee headquarters at the Watergate, thereby tangling up Nixon so much in lies that he resigned in August 1974. Generally in Washington it is a humdrum mediocrity or stalemate. Lord Bryce put it well in his study, *The American Commonwealth*. Americans don't want a brilliant man for President, he said. They want a commonplace President. Until now the system has worked pretty well, though it is probably the most cumbersome democracy in the world.

Take murder, for example. The murder rate in the U.S. exceeds that of any other civilized nation. Every poll for half a century shows the public wants tighter handgun control, yet the people can't get it because special interest groups like the National Rifle Association waylay legislators. In the current issue of *Working Papers*, Elliott Currie refers to "the continuing massacre in

the streets and homes of America—a massacre without parallel in the developed world."

Try to make any European understand the fight over the budget. Doesn't the President submit the budget? asks the visitor. Isn't that the purpose of the election? The answer is, of course, that's only partly true. We are entering the second year of a budget struggle that dominates everything else in Congress, and nobody knows who's in charge. They will work it out in time. But, asks the European, if Congress changes a newly elected President's budget, can't he make it a "no confidence" issue and force an election? No, you reply patiently, there's no device like that under our system. With one exception, the U.S. budget hasn't been balanced since 1960. But cheer up, we are going to fix that. Reagan wants a constitutional amendment requiring a mandatory balanced budget. Still, if he is going to change the Constitution, why not go a little further and give the governing party responsibility over the budget in the first place?

Anyone associated with government

in Washington learns to live with impasse. As Kennedy was saying when I got up to the Senate, many states in the past decade have recodified their criminal laws, but "the U.S. has not recodified its federal criminal laws since the founding of the Republic." The result is "near chaos."

The idea of modernizing the criminal code is nonpartisan. Lyndon Johnson proposed it in 1966. He created a national commission, chaired by Pat Brown of California. It presented a voluminous code in 1971, and Attorney General Mitchell set up a special advisory unit in the Justice Department. Two massive bills for reform, totaling 874 pages, became the 1973 proposal. It was studded with red-hot controversies. Example: it proposed a federal firearms identification card. The bill got nowhere. Kennedy philosophically recalled some of the story to the Senate. He's the brother of two slain politicians; he identifies with the project. Last year, for the third time since 1977, the Senate Judiciary Committee endorsed the wide-ranging bill, but it didn't pass.

continued on page 39

The Holocaust is claiming a new generation of victims

"It is not possible for a child to grow up without becoming scarred in a world where the Holocaust is the dominant psychic reality." This is the sobering conclusion of this pathbreaking study of psychoanalytic case histories of survivors' children—not only Jewish children, but also those of Nazi persecutors. "A substantial contribution to the body of information on the Holocaust."—*American Library Association Booklist*

"Absorbing reading."—*Publishers Weekly*

Generations of the Holocaust

Martin S. Bergmann and
Milton E. Jucovy, Editors

\$18.95 at bookstores, or direct from the publisher

(212) 593-7083

Visa and MasterCard accepted

BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

ISSUE 3,515

WASHINGTON, D.C.

MAY 26, 1982

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Literary Editor

JACK BEATTY

Executive Editor

MORTON M. KONDRACKE

Senior Editor

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

Managing Editor

DOROTHY WICKENDEN

Films

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry Editor

ROBERT PINSKY

New Republic Books Editor

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)

MARC GRANETZ

Associate Literary Editor

ANN HULBERT

Production Manager

JENNIFER SOUR

Production Assistant

PRISCILLA TOTTEN

Staff Writers

TIMOTHY NOAH, MICHAEL A. LERNER

Assistant to the Editors

JOAN SHAFFER

Contributing Editors

ROBERT COLES, HENRY FAIRLIE,

JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE,

PAUL FUSSELL, JOHN KEEGAN,

MICHAEL KINSLEY, R.W.B. LEWIS,

NATHAN LEWIN, MARK CRISPIN MILLER,

JOYCE CAROL OATES, WILLIAM J. QUIRK,

ROBERT B. REICH, PAUL ROBINSON,

RONALD STEEL, ANNE TYLER,

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN,

MICHAEL WALZER, LEON WIESELTIER,

C. VANN WOODWARD

Intern

TOM GLIATTO

Staff Associate

DAVID SEIDEMAN

Publisher

JAMES K. GLASSMAN

Controller

J. KRISTINE KLASMAN

Circulation Director

REED PHILLIPS

Advertising Manager

JOAN M. STAPLETON

Circulation Manager

JEFFREY S. POORMAN

Circulation Fulfillment Manager

WINTER THOMASON

Assistant to the Publisher

CAROLYN WINSTON

Assistant to the Controller

LIVIA ARNAIZ

Accounting Assistant

MARIA ELENA F. SALATTI

Advertising Representative

KAREN L. CHEIMAN

Classified Advertising Manager

THERESA MILLER

Leadership Network Advertising

ROBERT F. SENNOTT JR.

Back Issues and Reception

TRACY SWANSON

TRB FROM WASHINGTON CONGRESSIONAL IMPASSE

6 CORRESPONDENCE Brodsky, Anders, and Grenier on Susan Sontag.

9 THE EDITORS IT'S A START

At last, Mr. Reagan has a negotiating position.
The trick now is to make sure he negotiates.

NOT A PRAYER

Don't fool with the First Amendment, please.

NOTEBOOK

MORTON KONDRACKE JOHN GLENN'S RIGHT STUFF

The astronaut-Senator (and would-be President)
is a kind of center-left Ike. But if he wants
the White House, he will have to go after it.

16 SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN NICARAGUAN NEMESIS

Edén Pastora, the Sandinistas' Commander Zero,
has his own definition of a war of liberation.

19 ELIE KEDOURIE IT STARTED AT SUEZ

NATO's decline can be traced to the Suez crisis,
where the U.S. abandoned its two main allies.

24 STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS: FAR PLACES

A New Zealand fizzle, and a fine new thriller.

26 CZESLAW MILOSZ MIGRATIONS

Come to a new world from the old, immigrants
found despair and clung to hopes and memories.

27 RICHARD GRENIER THE HORROR,

THE HORROR

The Time of Stalin:

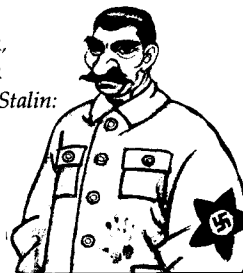
Portrait of a

Tyranny

by Anton

Antonov-

Ovseyenko



32 STEFAN KANFER THE SECRET MODERNIST

The Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer

34 BERNARD KNOX THE TOILERS FIND A VOICE

The Class Struggle in the Ancient Greek World
by G. E. M. de Ste. Croix

37 ANN HULBERT MYSTERIES OF THE CREATIVE MIND

Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments
in Literary Psychology by Leon Edel

43 CAMBRIDGE DIARIST FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS

COVER Drawing by Allen Carroll for THE NEW REPUBLIC. Article on page 12.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 186, Number 21, Issue 3,515, May 26, 1982. Published weekly (except the weeks of January 13, July 21, August 18, and September 22) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising: (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising: (212) 682-4500. Single copy, \$1.50; yearly subscriptions, \$32; foreign, \$39; students, \$18. © 1982 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.**

CORRESPONDENCE

SONTAG SLUGFEST

To the editors:

As one who took part in both events Richard Grenier explicates in his article, "The Conversion of Susan Sontag" (TNR, April 14), I am puzzled by his focus no less than by his purpose. First, the meeting at Town Hall, billed as the rally of "American Workers and Writers for Solidarity," was anything but that. American workers were represented by fired gentlemen from PATCO and by a bunch of pro-bawlers whose sole claim to labor is that of straining their vocal chords as they have since Vietnam. Writers were represented by Daniel Singer, Allen Ginsberg, Kurt Vonnegut, Gore Vidal, E. L. Doctorow, Ms. Sontag, and myself. Solidarity was represented by two members, stranded in this country, and by a duo which sang a bit of political cabaret. The latter were upstaged by Pete Seeger; the former were vastly outnumbered by the representatives of such groups as the Socialist Workers Party.

The entire affair had very little to do either with Poland or with Solidarity. The organizers simply used the Polish tragedy as a pretext for their own agenda of chest-beating on a variety of subjects ranging from the plight of PATCO to condemnation of U.S. policy toward El Salvador. Sandwiched in between was an idea to grab the Polish issue from the Reagan Administration (which so far has done more—little though it is—for Poland than any of the groups represented in the room ever will). So it was a typical therapy session of the *Weltschmerz*-ridden downtown left.

Still, this was much what one would expect from the professed left; but from writers one has the right to expect, if not necessarily a higher degree of honesty, then at least a lower degree of mental mediocrity. For the most part, the writers on Town Hall's podium refused this option. Daniel Singer told the audience that the Polish workers are socialists in spite of themselves. Mr. Vonnegut (tired and emotional) treated the audience to his conception of a Polish tune he learned in the Army. Mr. Vidal, who, to his credit, was brief, declared that "if Poland is occupied by the Soviets, then we are occupied by the military-industrial complex." Allen

Ginsberg declaimed a decent doggerel equating KGB and CIA, USSR and U.S.

Such was the context, omitted in Mr. Grenier's account, in which Susan Sontag got up and spoke about Poland. Hers was the only speech to deal with the country, its events and their lessons for the conscience of the American left. The booing and hooting which greeted her equation of communism with fascism has since been amplified in the liberal press to the decibel level of disco. Mr. Grenier's response, though different in tenor, matches the others in venom and volume.

Although Mr. Grenier appears to distinguish himself from Ms. Sontag's left-wing attackers, he has more in common with them than he thinks. And I am not talking only about his vulgarity of tone, typical of the artist *manqué* with a license to smear, but also his utter disregard for Poland and for the substance of Ms. Sontag's argument. He goes after her personal integrity as though the reality of an observed phenomenon depends upon its observer. The substance of Ms. Sontag's remarks is treated by Mr. Grenier in one paragraph, and if he thinks that such a pearl as "communism cannot be a variant of fascism" because "Leninism is the ancestral form for all totalitarian systems" constitutes a rebuttal of the Sontag equation, he shouldn't be allowed in stationery stores.

Mr. Grenier's choice of villain seems to me rather odd, for the Town Hall show was a veritable safari for one who was after vice. Why does he unleash himself against the only orator in that room who said that liberals are guilty of nourishing the idea of social justice at the expense of truth? Because he is not interested in either.

Evidently he is interested in journalism in its lowest form: the genre of character assassination. I am particularly struck by his application of arithmetic to Sontag's *Against Interpretation* as well as by the omission of her ten other volumes. Ms. Sontag's interest in European writers becomes, *pace* Grenier, a sign of disloyalty to this country and a remnant of "our condition as a colonial culture." Well, since the days of Athens, every culture is colonial. If anything can make a colonial culture a bit more imperial, it is not its self-assertiveness, but, in the words of Osip Mandelstam, "nostalgia for the world culture,"

which at times helps an artist to overshoot in his imagination the very thing he tried to imagine. This, to me, is the essence of Ms. Sontag as a writer, and on this account Mr. Grenier has no authority to make pronouncements, being doomed to "criticism from below."

No less dumb is his attribution of Sontag's view of the Polish situation and her opinion of communism to her sojourns to Paris. If a trip to Paris can do such wonders, why are there so many morons around? The only trip that could possibly have had some bearing on Sontag's attitude toward the Polish situation was her trip in the spring of 1980 to Poland itself. I doubt, though, that this journey had a decisive influence on Sontag's views, and here we come to the crux of the problem.

The problem is that Mr. Grenier lies in talking about Susan Sontag's "conversion." Ms. Sontag never "converted" from a procommunist into an anticommunist, for she never was the first to become the second. Throughout her career she has been interested in one thing above all: the philosophy of perception and the way it evolves. If there was any evolution, it concerned the ways in which an emphasis on aestheticism yields to ethical judgment in her work. A proof of this is precisely her equation of communism with fascism, since ethics inevitably negates "isms" of all kinds because it discerns people behind them. Because this plane of regard is too high for the genre through which Mr. Grenier views Ms. Sontag's work, he reduces her to a political persona. Such a method is called "profanation" by some and "falsification" by the rest.

In nearly every East European town you will see walls with hammers and sickles superimposed by swastikas. The oddest thing about the uproar over Ms. Sontag's speech is that it is still news for both the American left and the American right that to be antifascist means to be anticommunist. The sick truth is that in this country the quality of left determines the quality of right. Mr. Grenier is simply a case in point.

With or about a writer one should speak in the language and categories of literature, not in those of the gutter. Much as I admire Mr. Grenier's artillery, his aim is totally off, since he hit not Susan Sontag's present but her distant past. The only thing that could

conceivably justify his sniping is that Ms. Sontag's past is very much the American left's present—as well, I am afraid, as its future.

As for the remarks Mr. Grenier makes about my own address, I must say that while I certainly don't mind being used as a litmus test for anticommunism, I humbly suggest that I could be put to better use as an author. However, I would deny Mr. Grenier's distinction between a real anticommunist (myself) and a false one (Ms. Sontag). The disagreements we have are usually of an aesthetical rather than of an ethical nature, such as the one at the PEN meeting with Stanislaw Baranczak, caricatured by Mr. Grenier in his piece. The fact that I think that the interest in metaphysical poetry in my country is best explained not by the history of taste but by the taste of history doesn't mean that Ms. Sontag and I are the ideological opponents he imagines. I would like to remind Mr. Grenier that, having quarreled with Ms. Sontag on Monday, I came to share with her a podium in Town Hall on Saturday—not only to hear or do something of immediate use to Solidarity, but also because I consider it an honor and a duty to stand by my friend and, regarding Polish matters, my accomplice, Susan Sontag.

JOSEPH BRODSKY
South Hadley, Massachusetts

To the editors:

As a Polish literary critic and editor, I have always been an ardent reader and admirer of Susan Sontag's writing. I also had the opportunity to meet her during her visit to my country in May 1980. Our conversations there necessarily concentrated on politics rather than literature. Therefore I feel obliged to step onto the boggy ground prepared by Mr. Grenier's rhetoric of personal insinuations, unfounded speculations, and stretched facts, and answer his assault.

The first and most astonishing argument: Sontag's denunciation of communism at Town Hall, which Mr. Grenier calls her "conversion," is not to be treated seriously, because "the crucial event seems to have been less a coup in Warsaw than a sojourn in Paris." Sontag's involvement with French culture seems to be, for Mr. Grenier, something especially unworthy of a "homegrown American intellectual." Writing about Camus, Levi-Strauss, and Bresson he sees as "servile" a manifestation of "a survival of our condition as a colonial

culture." My own writing in Poland concerned mainly American literature. Mr. Grenier's logic, applied by other people and in different places, would almost certainly make me appear as "an agent of American cultural imperialism."

Sontag did not arrive at her present political opinions during her sojourn in France, or even during the Polish coup, when—Mr. Grenier's tasteful quip—"she had a vision of Lech Walesa with the stigmata." During our first conversation in Poland, long before the August strikes and the rise of Solidarity, the very sentence that shook New York in February 1982—"communism is successful fascism"—was uttered, I do not recall whether by her or by me. It is of no importance, since our agreement was immediate and total. I also witnessed her secret (for obvious reasons) meetings with Polish dissidents, and noticed no difference of opinion on the character of the communist regime. If one insists on looking for "influences" on Susan Sontag, I would suggest the intellectual refugees from the communist countries who started to arrive in America in noticeable quantities in the 1970s. But there is also such a thing as a critical (meaning also self-critical) independent mind which can learn from experience, analyze facts, and reject wrong premises. If Mr. Grenier had not satisfied himself with picking up isolated sentences written fifteen years ago (to prove that Sontag changes her mind overnight!) and had taken a closer look at her more recent essays, like those in *Under the Sign of Saturn*, he would have noticed that there was no "conversion" at all, but a logical transformation of vision—nothing unusual or reproachable in the world of thinking creatures.

Mr. Grenier asserts that during her discussion with Joseph Brodsky and Stanislaw Baranczak on poetry at the Public Theater, Sontag was "unremittingly hostile," which in turn we have to understand as an "indicator of a person's basic feelings toward Communism." I was present and noticed no "hostility" on either side. There was a difference of opinion on the meaning of the interest in English metaphysical poets so visible today in Poland and Russia. Being a Pole myself, and what Mr. Grenier would describe as a "sincere, ardent anti-Communist," I happen to agree with Sontag's theory on the history of taste. We may be right or wrong, but how can this literary question indi-

cate our feelings about communism?

Mr. Grenier is flustered because Sontag denounces communism and at the same time reprehends the present American Administration. Sontag does a dangerous thing: she reminds us that political questions may be, and should be, addressed on a moral, that is a particular, rather than an ideological level. This is bound to produce the inevitable question: "Who is more evil, they or we?" A question easy to answer, and thousands of people from the East, like me, did it without much hesitation. So did Sontag. I heard her saying in Poland, more than once, that American society is *infinitely* better, more liberal, historically more promising than anything that communism ever produced in any part of the world. Yet one senses an intention lurking behind Mr. Grenier's irony. Once answered, this question should suspend some other questions, at least for a while, since times are getting harder and high-minded idealists are not best qualified to cope with them. I do not share the fear of America declaring martial law in the foreseeable future, nor do I think that guerrillas in El Salvador have much democratic mandate for blowing up hospitals and preventing elections. I also see many questions asked by my idealistic friends in America as naive and irritatingly one-sided. Yet I see very little harm in asking them. If people in the East look with admiration and hope at something that is referred to there—without irony—as the Free World, it is not only because it considers communism its enemy, but also because it provides an example of a society in which all questions, even the "wrong" ones, are answered, not rebuked.

But where, amidst all this, is Poland—the subject that so far managed to initiate a festival of resentments and mutual accusations among various sections of Western public opinion, and very little deeper historical reflection? Susan Sontag was one of the few speakers at Town Hall who addressed the problems directly and at a level above the worn-out (and mostly semantic) ideological altercations. Her voice managed to convey the urgency and global significance of certain forlorn problems, for which Poland is only a perpetual, unhappy theater. Quite a rare and reassuring phenomenon to these Eastern eyes.

JAROSLAW ANDERS
New York, New York

(continued on page 39)

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that almost half of all automobile occupant fatalities and many serious injuries might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because most injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior or out of the car. Belts reduce this risk.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and, therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are

afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, accident data have proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing serious injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life.

Another common myth: holding a small child in your arms will provide the child with sufficient protection during a crash. The safety experts disagree. They point

out that even during a 30 mph collision, a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. So please make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

If you're an employer, encourage your employees to wear seat belts. At GM, we've made it a matter of policy that everyone riding in company-owned vehicles is expected to wear lap and shoulder belts.

We heartily support the program initiated by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration to encourage the use of seat belts. So please fasten your own belt, and urge your family and friends to follow your example. Even the best driver in the world can't predict what another driver will do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



General Motors

**Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck**



THE NEW REPUBLIC

MAY 26, 1982

IT'S A START

It has taken sixteen months and a push from the freeze movement, but President Reagan is at last delivering on his promise to negotiate reductions in nuclear weapons with the Soviet Union. To be fair to the President, he was prepared to announce a date for the resumption of strategic talks last January, but ordered Secretary of State Alexander Haig to cancel the announcement after the imposition of martial law in Poland. The President has now realized the cost of such linkage. The message from the Vermont town meetings was that nuclear talks cannot wait for the return of pluralism in Poland. Mr. Reagan has therefore called for START talks to begin within a month in Geneva.

Given the hundred possible ways to frame an opening negotiating position, the President's proposal is a reasonable, serious, and ambitious choice. It seeks to reduce the number of missile-launched warheads on each side by a third, from approximately 7,500 to 5,000; to reduce the number of missile launchers by one-half or more, to roughly 850; to control the most destabilizing element of the nuclear balance—the theoretical first-strike capacity of powerful land-based missiles—by limiting their warheads to 2,500; and to strengthen second-strike capacity by encouraging both sides to move their missiles out to sea where they are harder to detect, and where, at least at present, they lack the accuracy to launch a first strike.

The Soviets will have problems with this, and they should. They have engaged in an enormous fifteen-year spree of constructing devastating land-based missiles. The Reagan proposal would require them to dismantle many of these missiles to meet the new limits. They have less advanced submarine capacity

than the U.S., and would resist moving their missiles out to sea. (The Soviets have about 75 percent of their missile warheads on land; the U.S. has about 30 percent. The Reagan proposal would set a ceiling of 50 percent.) And the Reagan proposal does not deal at all with bomber forces, where the U.S. has the edge. But this is, after all, an opening negotiating position, not a take-it-or-leave-it draft of a treaty.

If the Soviets have problems with Reagan's proposal, many Democrats don't. Some whose office-seeking days are behind them, like Jimmy Carter, have termed the Reagan plan "an excellent proposal." Others whose Presidential ambitions are yet unsatisfied, like Senator Kennedy, have denounced it. Mr. Kennedy faults the Reagan proposal because it doesn't place enough limits on U.S. forces: it permits the U.S. to build the MX, the B-1 and Stealth bombers, and cruise missiles. We are not disturbed by the lack of restrictions on these nuclear modernizations, of which all but the B-1, by the way, were proposed by the Carter Administration. The B-1, the Stealth, and cruise missiles are not first-strike weapons. And while one may legitimately argue over whether the B-1 is redundant (we think it is), the question of whether it should be forgone in favor of Stealth is, as Paul Warnke points out, purely a cost-benefit calculation and not an arms control issue. The MX is different. It and the Trident II missile, also in development, are potential first-strike weapons. But the fact is they don't exist yet, and the most destabilizing nuclear weapons of all—the Soviet SS-18s and SS-19s, heavy, accurate land-based missiles with potential first-strike capacity—do. It defies both history and common sense to believe that the way to induce the Soviets to reduce their arsenal is for the U.S.

to give away its nuclear bargaining chips in its opening bid. By the same token, though, we hope the Administration does see these systems as bargaining chips, and that it is prepared to negotiate in good faith to exchange them for suitable reductions on the Soviet side. If Mr. Reagan's Eureka College proposal is indeed an opening bid, and if the Administration is prepared for serious negotiations and inevitable mutual concessions along the way, then we are back on the road to sane arms control.

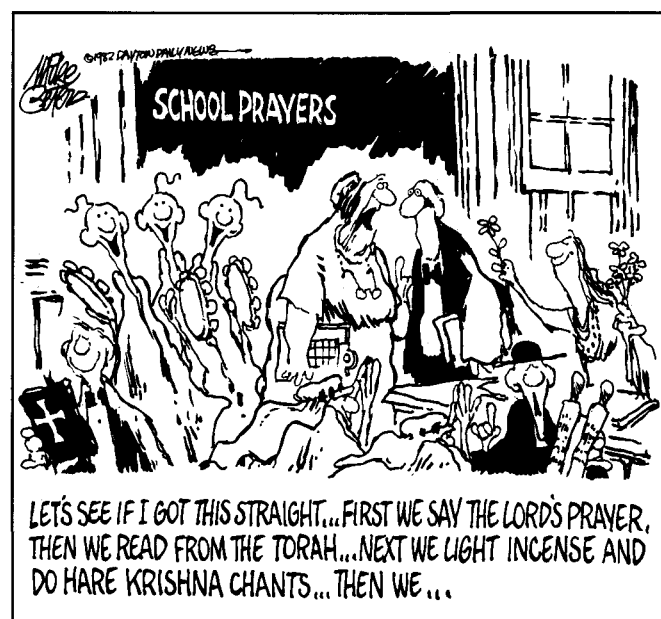
Now that the Administration has begun the process, it should be given a chance at the negotiating table. The Soviets need no assistance to discover on their own the advantages to the U.S. that are built into the Reagan proposal. They have the right to return with a counterproposal containing advantages of their own. That is what negotiations are for. Meanwhile, instead of engaging in partisan carping over details of the negotiating position, Democrats and other arms control advocates should keep a sharp eye on the Administration, with a view to making sure it negotiates in good faith.

BUT A START TREATY will take years to negotiate. In the interim there is one step we would hope the Administration would take: adopt SALT II. It would do this country no harm, would allay many fears, and would help to relax international tensions if the Senate would ratify the treaty. "We consider SALT II to be dead," Secretary Haig told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee a few days after Mr. Reagan's speech, "and have so informed the Soviet Union." Be that as it may, the treaty is still technically before the Senate; it's comatose, perhaps, but it's not dead. Mr. Haig went on to say that the treaty has "fatal flaws," the most important of which is that it does nothing to solve the problem of the SS-18s and SS-19s. That is true; but it's also true that rejecting SALT II does nothing about that problem either. Mr. Haig stressed that the United States will abide by the terms of SALT II as long as the Soviet Union does the same, which suggests that the treaty's flaws may not be all that fatal. In fact, there is nothing in the Administration's nuclear plans that would violate SALT II; both sides are living up to it; and there is something to be said for a semblance of continuity in these matters from Administration to Administration, especially when such continuity, substantively speaking, is cost-free. The problem here, though, is not substantive but political. Mr. Reagan campaigned against SALT II and, for partisan political reasons, now is unwilling to resubmit it. If Senate Democrats cannot win outright ratification of the treaty—and the prospects for that, without the President's cooperation, are dim—then they ought to try for a sense of the Congressional resolution pledging that the U.S. will do nothing to violate the terms of SALT II. It needn't be presented as a rebuke to the President, but as a constructive bridge to START I.

NOT A PRAYER

The Reagan Administration's ideas for monkeying around with the Constitution are starting to come thick and fast. The latest offering from the Amendment-of-the-Month Club concerns prayer in school; the one just ahead of it in line (inspired by a different sort of old-time religion) calls for a balanced budget every year; amendments for limiting abortion and busing may yet get their turn. These are all bad ideas, but the school prayer amendment, wording as yet unspecified, is perhaps the worst of the lot, for of necessity it would tamper with the most important paragraph in American jurisprudence, the First Amendment. In this respect we are more conservative than the President: we think the First Amendment is just fine as it is.

"It is despicable demagoguery for the President to play petty politics with prayer," said James M. Dunn, executive director of the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs, in one of the more heated responses to Mr. Reagan's Rose Garden announcement that an amendment was on the way. "He knows the Supreme Court has never banned prayer in schools. It can't. Real prayer is always free." Strictly speaking, Mr. Dunn is right. Praying can no more be banned than thinking can, and no one, least of all the Supreme Court, objects to either, even in school. What the Court ruled on twenty years ago was not prayer but ritual: to wit, the saying aloud, daily and in unison, of a state-mandated religious affirmation in the classrooms of public schools. The Court, correctly in our view, saw this as inconsistent with the Constitution's prohibition of an establishment of religion. The specific text in question is worth recalling, since something like it will be coming back if the President has his way. Written by



CARTOON BY MIKE PETERS

the Board of Regents of the State of New York, it went like this: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessing upon us, our parents, our teachers and our country." Innocuous? A real balanced ticket of a prayer? Yes, but there are some believers who find such watery piety offensive; and nonbelievers have rights, too.

When Bertrand Russell was clapped in prison for opposing World War I, his jailer, filling out a form, asked him his religion. "Agnostic," Russell replied. After asking him to spell it, the jailer said with a tolerant sigh, "Well, there are many religions, but I suppose they all worship the same God." (Russell wrote later, "This remark kept me cheerful for about a week.") In a society as wildly pluralistic as ours, the waters of religion are too deep, and too choppy, for the state to swim in. Ronald Reagan is right to recognize that America's religious and political traditions are somehow connected; where he goes dangerously wrong is in failing to understand that a strict and rigorous separation of state power from religious authority is central to both those traditions.

The school prayer amendment is Mr. Reagan's second foray into church-state relations in recent weeks; he also wants a tuition tax credit which would have the effect of pumping more federal money into religious and other private education than into the public schools (see "Savaging the Schools," TNR, May 5). If he wants public school pupils to pray, at least he has given them something to pray for: deliverance from the policies of his Administration. But this ritual, too, would be better conducted at home or in church. In matters of religion, the government should follow one of the President's favorite precepts, and stay off our backs.

NOTEBOOK

□ BARRONS, THE FINANCIAL WEEKLY, is regular reading here on the assumption that a publication servicing the big interests needs to be accurate and honest if it is to survive in a market where mistakes cost money, lots of it. We're particular fans of the paper's editor, Alan Abelson, whose column, "Up and Down Wall Street," is usually a devastatingly irreverent, even curmudgeonly, commentary on the latest fads in investments and investment strategies. But it's not exactly a column with heart. Abelson admits that unemployment totals are "doleful" (no pun intended, we hope), which adjective must on balance be seen as a compassionate concession from the supply side. But, he insists, these totals "are highly suspect: instead of 10.3 million out of work in April, the true figure, we're able to report, may be closer to 10.2 million. . . . The President's policies are working—it's just people who aren't." What we've

never understood is how the Reaganauts think people out of work are supposed to eat—other than by collecting unemployment or going on relief—which, the party in power has been saying, is the problem in the first place.

□ GREAT MOMENTS IN CRIMINAL JUSTICE: Sirhan Sirhan demanding before a California parole board that he not be denied "equal treatment under the laws of this country." Sirhan went so far as to say, "If Robert Kennedy were alive today, he would not countenance singling me out for this kind of treatment." Set aside, for a moment, the logical impossibility of this proposition. The fact is that both Sirhan and John Van de Kamp, the Los Angeles district attorney who wants to keep Sirhan behind bars, are debating the wrong point. Sirhan says he should get an unconscionably short sentence, just like California's other murderers. (The average term served by first-degree murderers sentenced to life imprisonment is thirteen years, three years less than what Sirhan will have served if he gets his parole.) Van de Kamp says, "A political assassination should not be compared with the average murder because it tears at the very fabric of a democratic society." This evades the real issue: if we are going to abolish the brutal practice of sentencing people to death, we had better make sure that murderers sit in jail for a very long time.

□ TWO CHEERS FOR DUNCAN KENNEDY, dissenting member of the Michelman committee, which just produced a report on what's wrong with Harvard Law School. The findings, according to a borderline incomprehensible report in the May 12 *New York Times*, seem to emphasize clinical training over egghead analysis. Kennedy, however, says the school should halt its "current policy of indoctrinating on the sly." He also wants to admit students by lottery, do away with tenure, and pay professors and janitors equal salaries. Stirring egalitarian propositions all, but hampered, alas, by the assumption that *this* is how we should create an elite class of nonproductive bloodsuckers in America.

□ A PUBLICATION called the *Christian Voice* rates the Congress on Moral Majority issues. Paul Simon, the very able Democratic Representative from Illinois, received a zero out of a possible 100 for such immoral acts as voting for SALT II and shelters for battered wives. The Representative is the son of a Lutheran minister, and his brother is also a clergyman. But, as he reports in his new book, *The Once and Future Democrats*, he is not the only religiously inclined member of Congress to receive a low rating from the *Christian Voice*. Father Robert Drinan, former member of Congress, also got a zero, and the Reverend Robert Edgar, a Methodist minister from Pennsylvania, got a scant 8 percent. Representative Richard Kelly of Florida,

however, who was convicted in the Abscam trials of accepting \$25,000 in bribes, received a rating of 100 percent. Clearly, the Moral Majority helps those who help themselves.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "It is said that government issues will draw money from the capital markets which ought to be going into private business,

and will thus hamper recovery. But capital is not now going into private business. It is not going in because there is so little demand for the products of private business concerns. If their markets grow and they begin to make profits, they will have no difficulty in finding the credit or investment wherewith to expand." (Editorial, "The Third Stage of the Depression," May 25, 1932.)

From Eagle Scout to astronaut to Senator to President?

JOHN GLENN'S RIGHT STUFF

BY MORTON KONDRACKE

WHEN JOHN GLENN thinks that things are going badly for him, he reaches for a box in the bottom drawer of his desk and takes out a handful of spent machine gun bullets and pieces of shrapnel. These are souvenirs from some of the twelve times that enemy gunners hit planes Glenn flew in World War II and Korea, without ever wounding or downing him. Some of the bullets were dug out of the seatback of a fighter he piloted in Korea. On one occasion, he returned from a mission with 300 separate bullet holes in his craft, which then was dubbed "the flying doily." The lesson Glenn draws from his survival is not, as one might expect from this devout Presbyterian, that destiny is predetermined. Instead, Glenn's narrow escapes have made him something of a loner, confident of his own skill and wary of trusting his fate to others, at least other mortals. John Glenn is not arrogant, but he does things his own way. His friends admire his integrity, his determination, and his self-possession, but they worry that his self-reliance may prevent him from ever being President.

John Glenn has led the kind of life that would make anyone self-confident. He did not merely survive aerial combat in World War II and in Korea; in Korea, he won five Distinguished Flying Crosses and downed twenty MIGs, three of them in the final days of the war. Later, of the sixty or so men who served with him during his three-and-half years as a Marine Corps test pilot at Patuxent River, Maryland, at least ten were killed. In 1957 he was the first man ever to fly non-stop, coast-to-coast, at supersonic speed. Two years later he was selected to be one of the first astronauts.

Glenn is an object of derision in Tom Wolfe's fine book about the astronauts, *The Right Stuff*. He is made out to be a sanctimonious prig: the "flying church-

man" with his halo glowing at all times, "the Perfect Pilot wrapped up in a cocoon of Home & Hearth and God & Flag." Wolfe's idea of the perfect astronaut is the dashing "fighter jock" who drinks all night, drives too fast in a jazzy sports car, cavorts with "juicy girls" (air base groupies), and still pulls his "quivering liver" into the cockpit after a swallow of coffee and a drag on a cigarette.

Not Glenn. "On weekends he would make his way home to his wife, Annie, and the children in an ancient Peugeot, a real beat-up junker . . . the sorriest looking and most underpowered automobile still legally registered to any fighter pilot in America." At one point, Wolfe recounts, Glenn lectured his fellow astronauts that their playing around with women had to stop, lest a scandal undermine the astronaut program. "In his eyes burned four centuries of Dissenting Protestant fervor," sneers Wolfe.

What happened next might make even Tom Wolfe believe in predestination. Glenn's peers selected the order in which the astronauts would make flights, and Glenn ("Harry Hairshirt") drew third behind Alan Shepard ("the fighter jock's fighter jock") and Gus Grissom. But Shepard and Grissom just jumped into space and came down again. Glenn was the first American to orbit the earth, and it was he who became a national hero, got a New York ticker-tape parade second only to Charles Lindbergh's, addressed a joint session of Congress, and ended up skiing with the Kennedys.

At the end of his book, Wolfe notes smugly that for all his previous fame and luck, John Glenn would be defeated in 1970 in a bid for the U.S. Senate from Ohio. But Glenn persevered, and in 1974 he won his Senate seat. In 1980, while Ronald Reagan was carrying the

state by a margin of 52 to 41, Glenn was reelected by a margin of 68 to 29. In 1982, early polls show Glenn as one of the three leading candidates for the Democratic nomination for President in 1984. Clearly, Glenn, at age 60, has had all the right stuff up to now, but does he have what it takes to be President? And can he get elected? Well, yes, but maybe no.

AFTER SIX consecutive Presidencies in which the Chief Executive embroiled himself and the country in drama, war, scandal, failure, or attempted economic revolution—that is, after more than twenty years with political fighter jocks in the cockpit—John Glenn seems to offer stability, moderation, caution, steadiness, and self-confidence. “I think he would make a great President,” said one of his younger colleagues, a fellow Democrat and a smart one. “He is almost perfectly suited to the times, programmatically and temperamentally. He is liberal on social issues, more conservative on economic issues. He tends to get bogged down in detail on military issues, but I think he’s very reflective of where the country is.” Among other senators, aides, and reporters who cover Congress, Glenn has the reputation of being diligent, utterly honest, and pleasant—but distant. Somehow the impression has gotten around that Glenn is not too bright, but those who watch him deny that’s so. “He is smart in an I.Q. sense,” said one reporter. “I wouldn’t say he has a wide-ranging mind. He doesn’t play around with new ideas all the time, but he studies his issues hard.”

Glenn is often compared to Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the resemblance goes beyond the sunny grin and the balding dome. Someone who has had .50-cal. machine gun bullets fired into the back of his seat, like somebody who has run a war, probably has had enough of thrills and glory, and can afford to be calm in manner and unadventurous in politics. Ike was derided as dull, but he did have the cautious good judgment to keep America out of Vietnam, which is more than can be said for some liberals.

John Glenn, though, if he is an Eisenhower, would be a Democratic Eisenhower, a cautious progressive rather than a conservative. Glenn says that Democrats tried to get the government to do too many things too quickly in recent years, with inflation and political defeat as the consequences. He says retrenchment is a necessity when budgets are tight, but he is proud of the accomplishments and supports the traditional goals of the Democratic Party: aid to the poor and elderly, civil rights, job creation, economic growth. Glenn may be a centrist, but his position is center-left. He usually gets ratings in the 60s from Americans for Democratic Action, in the 70s from the AFL-CIO, and in the low teens from the American Conservative Union. In recent years, according to *The Almanac of American Politics*, he voted for draft registration, against a moratorium on nuclear plant construction, for the U.S.

Department of Education, against a ban on federal funding for abortions, for the Chrysler loan guarantee, and against cuts for OSHA and food stamps.

Glenn thinks Reaganomics is excessive. He favors smaller tax cuts than Reagan’s, targeted to corporations for investment in new plant and jobs rather than to individuals, especially rich ones. He opposes cuts in Social Security and college loans, but supports much of Reagan’s increased defense program, including large nuclear-powered aircraft carriers and the B-1 bomber. After opposing SALT II during the Carter Administration on the grounds that it couldn’t be verified (because the U.S. had lost its tracking bases in Iran), Glenn has changed his position (because we now have facilities in China), and is pushing the Senate to ratify the treaty. At the same time, he opposes the Kennedy-Hatfield proposal to freeze nuclear weapons at their present levels. On arms to Saudi Arabia, Glenn has split his votes. He supported the 1979 sale of F-15 fighters, but last year opposed the transfer of the Awacs radar planes.

WHAT DOES all this add up to? To his friends and many neutral observers, it makes Glenn a pragmatist, a man who decides what he stands for on the basis of independent judgments, one issue at a time. Mark A. Siegel, a political consultant who is close to Edward Kennedy, says that Glenn “is not a knee-jerk, sure-vote anything. Every vote is a new vote for Glenn.” But Glenn makes ideologues and interest groups unhappy. “John is a 90 percenter,” one friend said. “He is with the blacks 90 or 95 percent of the time, and the women and labor and the Jews, but against them 5 or 10 percent of the time, and that makes them mad.”

Glenn’s pragmatism, centrism, and independent-mindedness also leave him open to charges that he is inconsistent, lacking in overall vision and deep beliefs. Another Kennedy associate says that Glenn “may be a Midwestern Jimmy Carter. He doesn’t know why he wants to be President. He thinks it’s just the next step up—from Eagle Scout to fighter pilot to astronaut to Senator to President.” Another former Senate aide, now a lobbyist, says, “It’s great to have Glenn with



COMING:

**Thomas Szasz on
Murdering Meddling Medicos.**

you. He's indefatigable when he hones in on one issue. But he doesn't see the forest or even the trees, only branches and twigs. He's a responder and not a leader. He has no coherent vision. He would be a symbol, not a man of substance."

Glenn has not yet decided whether to run. He says he is "seriously considering it," and will decide by the end of the year. However, he gives the impression of leaning strongly toward a candidacy, and friends expect him to decide before the end of the summer. If and when he does, he probably will have to concoct a "vision" for himself. Right now, all he has to recommend him are character, themes, accomplishments, votes, and judgments: his record. This used to be enough to run on in the era before fighter-jock Presidents and media ack-acks, but it isn't anymore. Glenn seems to understand the need, but he is approaching it in what seems a politically disadvantageous way—albeit, his own way. In interviews, Glenn talks about a new national commission on goals for America such as existed in the Eisenhower Administration. He publicly muses about questions to which he does not have answers, such as:

"Peace is the first priority of foreign policy, of course, but what do we want peace for? To convert the world to free enterprise? To let other countries do as they please?" Such performances only play into the hands of his rivals. In the fighter jock/media era, Presidential candidates are required to have *answers*, whether they ultimately make any sense or not.

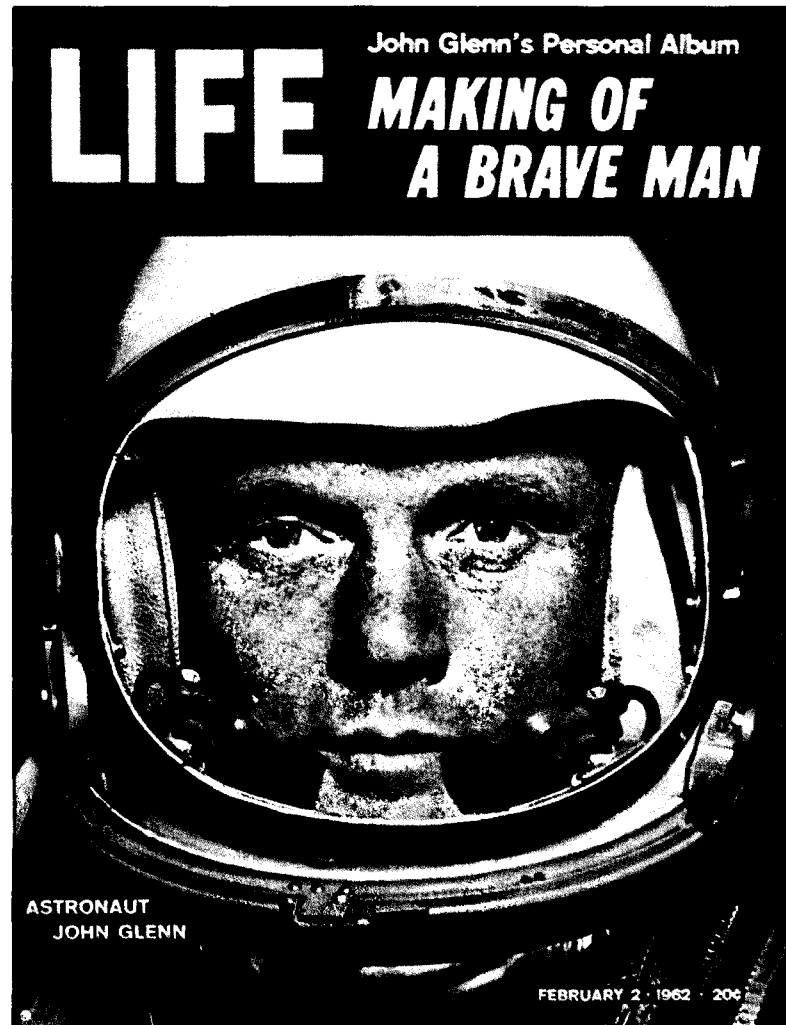
Actually, the beginnings of a Glenn vision do exist in his belief that education, basic research, and capitalism are the three foundations of America's past progress and future success. He criticizes Reagan for cutting back on funding for schools and research and for misdirecting capital away from investment and toward

consumption. At the same time, Glenn differs markedly from his younger "neoliberal" colleagues—including Senator Gary Hart, a potential Presidential rival—in putting greater stress on basic industries such as steel and autos than on hi-tech. Glenn favors bailouts and import quotas to aid basic industries because he thinks them vital to national security, and he is leery of the mystique that neoliberals ("Atari Democrats," a Tip O'Neill aide calls them) attach to Japanese-inspired ideas. This is not to say that Glenn

has no new ideas. He is working on a proposal that would guarantee access to college loans to teenagers who engage in community service activities, and he has proposed "tripartite commissions" of labor, management, and government to work out long-range agreements for stability and investment in threatened industries. But Glenn's aides say he doubts that Japanese social patterns can easily be adopted here, and that the country is not ready for grand, new tax policy departures such as flat-rate taxes or consumption taxes. And while the Atari Democrats focus on America's future as a technocracy, Glenn is said to worry more about the present generation of workers

whose skills need replenishing to keep them employed.

Foreign policy is Glenn's specialty, and here too the makings of "vision" exist. Ahead of most of his colleagues, Glenn has focused on the issue of nuclear proliferation—probably the most underattended issue of our time—and is author of the basic U.S. legislation to keep weapons-grade material out of the hands of nonnuclear powers. He criticizes Reagan for lacking a foreign policy strategy, but admits that he has one "only insofar as I wish I had the people that the President has to study the problem." Glenn wants U.S. military capabilities to be matched to U.S. foreign



PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH MORSE (LIFE MAGAZINE, © 1962 TIME INC.)

policy objectives—which he says is not the case under Reagan. He is far more relaxed than the Reaganites about the imminence of the Soviet threat (he denies, for example, that the Soviets have nuclear superiority in any meaningful sense), yet he favors, in addition to arms control, increased defense spending to match the Russian build-up of the last decade. Glenn has an almost patronizing attitude toward the military reform movement headed by Gary Hart. “To say that smaller and simpler is better and more beautiful is nice, but it’s not true,” he says. “We can’t give up technological superiority because then we’d have to match the Soviets tank-tube for tank-tube, and we can’t. We have to make our technology work.”

OVERALL, John Glenn comes off as a solid, progressive centrist with a clear notion of American priorities: protect the disadvantaged, but at the same time repair the private economy with new investment and rebuild our defenses at a moderate pace to deter war. That may be unflashy, but Glenn may well have the makings of the right stuff for an American President in the 1980s.

Glenn also has character and personal courage—not just the kind proved in battle, but bureaucratic or political courage, as demonstrated (but not really appreciated) by Tom Wolfe in *The Right Stuff*. On January 27, 1961, after the umpteenth last-minute postponement of Glenn’s orbital mission, a crisis arose because his wife, Annie, who stutters, was exhausted from tension and terrified to make a TV appearance, and Vice President Lyndon Johnson was outside the Glenn house, with three network camera crews in tow, determined to pay a public visit. The NASA hierarchy wanted to keep Johnson happy, but Glenn telephoned his wife and told her, “Look, if you don’t want the Vice President or the TV networks or anybody else to come into the house, then that’s it as far as I am concerned. . . . I don’t want Johnson or any of the rest of them to put so much as one toe inside our house.” Glenn’s NASA superiors then tried to lean on him, fearing Johnson’s wrath, but Glenn stuck firm by his wife, and LBJ stayed out. Annie Glenn, by the way, now makes campaign speeches and gives TV interviews.

So the Glenns have the right stuff, but can they make it? Well, John Glenn does have advantages. He has instant name recognition. He is well respected as a vote-getter in Ohio, and he is doing nicely in the polls. The latest *Los Angeles Times*-Cable News Network poll shows that among Democrats, Kennedy is favored by 30 percent, Mondale by 15, and Glenn by 11. In the Midwest, Kennedy has 27 percent, Glenn 24, and Mondale 12. Among all voters, Republicans and independents included, Kennedy has 24 percent and Glenn and Mondale are tied at 14. A March 1982 Harris poll of Democrats and independents shows Kennedy at 32 percent, Mondale at 20, and Glenn at 13. Glenn is clearly within striking distance, and he is thought to

be perhaps the Democratic Party’s best bet to attract non-Democratic voters in a general election.

But first he would have to win Democratic primaries, and that is where the trouble is. Tom Wolfe quotes Glenn as follows from the initial 1959 press conference when the astronaut corps was unveiled to the world:

We are placed here with certain talents and capabilities. It is up to each of us to use those talents and capabilities as best you can. If you do that, I think there is a power greater than any of us that will place the opportunities in our way, and if we use our talents properly, we will be living the kind of life we should live.

Glenn’s trouble, friends say, is that though the power that is greater than any of us has created an opportunity for him for 1984, he is not working hard enough to use his talents and capabilities to the fullest. Here it is, nearly eighteen months into this Presidential election cycle, and John Glenn has not created a political action committee to raise money (as Kennedy and Mondale have), not hired a professional campaign manager to plot a strategy for him, not formed a brain trust to advise him on issues, not found a writer/adviser to dazzle up his speeches, and not begun forming an organization around the country. What his friends say is that Glenn cannot let go, cannot put himself in the hands of professionals who will tell him what to do and when to do it. His self-reliance has kept him alive and made him successful, they say, but now he is going to have to trust other people, and he can’t seem to bring himself to do it.

AND TIME is running out. True, Glenn has made or scheduled eleven political trips out of Washington through September of this year, including one to Iowa in June. By comparison, though, Walter Mondale will have visited thirty-five states by the end of June, and he, Kennedy, and Hart (George McGovern’s 1972 campaign manager) all have at least one national campaign under their belts.

“Glenn’s timing is funny,” comments a Democratic pro who has participated in these campaigns. “Through delay, ambivalence, or lack of aggressiveness, he’s lost an awful lot of ground for using 1982 effectively. He may think he’s got name recognition, but he has to reestablish himself—not as an astronaut or even a vote-getting senator, but as somebody who might be considered as President. He has to train, too. When you get into the stretch, there are one hundred times a day when a candidate is tested and even his staff can’t help. He’s got to have developed political sensitivity and a knowledge of local issues that will keep him from making mistakes. Glenn hasn’t done that.”

Democratic professionals see a special opportunity for Glenn in the South if he can move to exploit it. Glenn already has a good base in the Midwest, where his polls are almost the equal of Kennedy’s and Mondale’s. But because Jimmy Carter did comparatively

well in the South in the 1980 election, Southern states have received large increases in delegate strength at the 1984 convention—216 delegates in all. Glenn's poll showings are not dramatic in the South as of yet, but his military background, moderate views, and all-American demeanor ought to appeal there. Glenn's staff is aware of the opportunity, but so far this year he has made just one trip to North Carolina and one to Arkansas.

Conceivably, a candidate could get nominated by a process other than the traditional long organizational march that Mondale is undertaking now. A candidate could represent an overriding issue or an emerging group, as McGovern did with the Vietnam War in 1972, and as Hart is trying to do in 1984 by representing a "new generation." Kennedy, presumably, will run as the Ronald Reagan of the Democratic Party—as

the quintessential spokesman of the party's dominant (in this case, liberal) wing. Glenn does not say so, but he seems to believe that there is a kind of Eisenhower alternative available which will enable him to announce and then let the waves of dollars and volunteers roll in on the strength of his superior ability to beat the Republicans. If this is what Glenn thinks, though, he ignores the realities of the Democratic Party, which more than once has rejected a potential November winner in favor of the candidate who captured its heart. He also ignores the reality that intensive behind-the-scenes organizing was done by Eastern Republicans to ensure that Dwight Eisenhower won the party's 1952 nomination. If John Glenn is to become President in 1984, he will have to move quickly. The right stuff in politics takes timing and drive.

Commander Zero zeroes in.

NICARAGUAN NEMESIS

BY SHIRLEY CHRISTIAN

San José, Costa Rica

THE TALL YOUNG driver with the round, clean-cut face let me out of a jeep in downtown San José with the words: "I'll see you soon in Nicaragua." Then, with a smile and a wave, he was on his way back to the semisecret hideout of his chief, Edén Pastora, the legendary Sandinista hero who recently broke nine months of silent exile to make a public condemnation of the nine-man Sandinista National Directorate that rules Nicaragua. In his statement, Pastora accused his former colleagues of running a regime of terror, of making Nicaragua a pawn in the U.S.-Soviet struggle, of aping the Cuban revolution, and of failing to keep their promises to bring political pluralism and other traditional Western liberties to Nicaragua. He demanded that they send home the Cuban military and security personnel now in Nicaragua, adopt laws covering political activities and assuring a mixed economy, cease press censorship, and halt their own extravagant lifestyles.

But how does he intend to make this happen? Pastora is somewhat fuzzy about specifics, except when he's telling you how many Mercedes Benzes or BMWs

each of the nine Directorate members has. On the one hand, he makes carefully calculated, diplomatically expressed statements about what the Sandinista Directorate must do to correct its errors. On the other, he jumps to his feet, waves his arms, and threatens to "bury them." He says that either "Humberto Ortega straightens things out, or I'll straighten them out," a reference to the powerful Sandinista army commander, the man who declared six months ago that Marxism-Leninism is the model for the Nicaraguan revolution. "I'm going to enter [Nicaragua] at the head of my people," Pastora told me, "and if they are still in the mansions I'm going to take them out at gunpoint. If it weren't for the national literacy crusade, I would dare say to you that it is almost like the time of Somoza. We have more poor people, no less corruption, more foreign debt, less infrastructure, fewer liberties. At least in the time of Somoza we had the liberty to fight. The only thing they have not done is begin to kill massively. . . . But they are repressing the peasants, and when the people realize that and when the [Sandinista] army realizes that, the army is going to open fire." Pastora told me that he had hoped Nicaragua would become a lesson for the region in how to conduct a social and economic revolution in political liberty. What the Sandinista leadership is doing in-

Shirley Christian is a Latin American correspondent for the *Miami Herald*. She won the Pulitzer Prize for Central American coverage in 1980.

stead, he says, is "screwing the Central American revolution."

Judging from what he says and what people working with him have told me, Pastora's hope now is that the numerous supporters he still claims in the Sandinista army will force the National Directorate to change its path, or, if that fails, will overthrow the Directorate. If none of this works, Pastora clearly plans to begin armed operations. He would not be the only force trying to oust the present government. There are already many hundreds of men, perhaps as many as two thousand, launching attacks out of Honduras into northern Nicaragua. Although some of those men were Sandinista supporters who became disillusioned, many are former members of the National Guard, which kept the Somoza dynasty in power for forty-five years—the people against whom Pastora fought for half his life. He says he has no reason to join forces with them because he is still a Sandinista and a revolutionary.

Pastora's coming out has produced a sort of gathering of the clan here—tense and excited Nicaraguans who, like the jeep driver, exude confidence that they will soon go home in triumph. Some left Nicaragua with him last July, while others have been slipping out of Nicaragua in recent weeks. His inner circle includes fifteen to twenty men who were combat leaders in the Southern Front that he operated against the Somoza forces in the 1978-1979 war. Among them is Leonel Poveda, a top Pastora lieutenant in that war who served as a tank driver in the United States Army in Berlin twenty years ago. But Pastora is also attracting a number of prominent civilian non-Marxists, people who were not yet ready last week to announce their support publicly. "We believe Edén is the best card we have to rescue the Nicaraguan revolution," one of them told me. "We would not unite behind anyone else."

AS COMMANDER Zero, Pastora captured the world's attention and imagination in August 1978, when he led a guerrilla force that took over the legislative palace in downtown Managua, the Nicaraguan capital. He proceeded to negotiate the lives of more than one thousand captives for the freedom of a group of imprisoned Sandinistas, among whom was Tomás Borge, now the Interior Minister and the man responsible for the state security apparatus that Pastora blames for most of the repression in Nicaragua. A photograph of the victorious Pastora waving his rifle at the end of the palace operation became poster art that helped to win worldwide sympathy for the Sandinista National Liberation Front. The palace takeover also made Pastora an instant hero in Nicaragua and served as the second major catalyst in the efforts to unite Nicaraguans against Anastasio Somoza. The first was the assassination in January 1978 of newspaper publisher Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, an act that caused

civilian moderates to line up with the largely Marxist-led Sandinista movement.

Pastora is a darkly handsome man of 45. He has a stocky, muscular build, black hair streaked with gray, and a mustache that he has grown since leaving Nicaragua. He has a wife and some children with him in Costa Rica and admits to having a total of seventeen children but won't say how many mothers are involved. He is sincere and charming, mixing intense expressions of his love of liberty with astute political and military analyses. He says his ideology is *Sandinismo*, which his supporters say means something approximating social democracy. He also admits to great admiration for Fidel Castro and Che Guevara, but if he has a modern role model, it appears to be the late Panamanian strongman Omar Torrijos. He says it was Torrijos who gave him the heavy gold ring encrusted with sixteen diamonds that he wears on his left hand. Torrijos also taught him that the secret to having international stature while living at peace in a hemisphere dominated by the United States was "to play with the chain but not with the monkey."

PASTORA WAS born into a farming family, but his father was killed when he was seven. People who have known him a long time say the murder resulted from a land feud, but Pastora attributes it to the Somoza regime. He graduated from a Jesuit high school in Managua attended by young men of affluent families. Then he studied medicine in Mexico until he was consumed by a love of arms and opposition to the Somoza family. He organized his own Sandino Revolutionary Front in 1959, but later gravitated to a group that became part of the Sandinista National Liberation Front. In 1974, after three stints in Somoza prisons, he settled into the Costa Rican Caribbean coast town of Barra del Colorado, became a shark fisherman, operated a small electric generating plant, and took out citizenship. But in August 1978 he left it all behind to accept the call of other Sandinistas to do what he says he had been planning in his own mind since 1971: the assault on the palace.

After the Sandinistas took power on July 19, 1979, Pastora was passed over for the top government and military jobs, but moved among various middle-level jobs, including deputy defense minister and head of the Sandinista Popular Militia, a weekend reserve force. Though he was denied the place he felt he deserved on the National Directorate, the nine commanders always brought him out at ceremonial occasions to keep the crowds happy. By most accounts, he was the most beloved Sandinista and the country's greatest hero. He could set off the cheering without saying a word. Last July, just before the Sandinistas' second anniversary in power, Pastora departed the country with about a dozen other former guerrillas and left behind a letter that was interpreted as meaning he was going off Guevara-style to join leftist guer-

rillas in Guatemala or El Salvador. "I am going to discharge my revolutionary gunpowder against the oppressor in whatever part of the world in which he is found, without it mattering whether they call me Quixote or Sancho," he wrote.

BUT FOR THE next nine months Pastora apparently did more thinking than shooting, crisscrossing the landscape of revolutionary thought in the process. In addition to Costa Rica, he did his thinking in Panama, Mexico, Cuba, and possibly Venezuela and Libya, hearing out, and sounding off to, the variety of power figures to be found along that route. The Nicaraguans traveling with him, or with whom he made contact from time to time, ranged from at least one Leninist to conservative democrats. Some appeared to have no political feelings, only an intense loyalty to Pastora. Outsiders wondered if he was merely engaged in a personal power struggle with the nine rulers back in Managua. Or was it ideological? Was he, in fact, about to join the Guatemalan guerrilla group ORPA? Was he somebody's tool? If so, whose? Pastora said nothing, but word eventually came from people around him that his departure letter had not meant what it appeared to say and that his real desire was to change the Marxist-Leninist, pro-Cuban trend of the Nicaraguan revolution to one that was nonaligned and democratic.

When he finally emerged here, the name he invoked was that of Augusto Cesar Sandino, the fierce Nicaraguan nationalist and non-Communist who in the 1930s fought the U.S. Marine occupation of his country and the founding of the Somoza dynasty. It is from Sandino that the Sandinista movement takes its name. "With all that I have said here, I am making clear my disagreement with the conduct of the National Direc-

torate," Pastora said in a printed statement summarizing his complaints, "since continuing in this way means the people will have to pay a very high cost, including a possible return to the past, unless the armed people expel from power those whom the accusing and condemning finger of Sandino singles out as traitors and assassins. . . . With pain I have seen that intranquillity, anguish, fear, frustration, and personal insecurity reign among my people. I have seen our Miskito Indians . . . jailed or assassinated, without a press or radio that can denounce to the world this regime of terror that reigns on the Atlantic Coast and in all of Nicaragua through the feared State Security."

Pastora does not criticize Cuba or its leaders, but has admonished the Sandinista Directorate that Nicaraguans want their own revolution, not a borrowed version. "Fifteen days after the triumph in 1979," he said, "I saw Sandinista commanders returning home in Cuban uniforms and I realized at that moment that our revolution was beginning to lose its originality." Pastora says he admires the Cuban leaders because they have tried to carry out their own revolution, not someone else's. Even in calling for the Cuban military and security experts to leave Nicaragua, he did not attack them.

Pastora condemns imperialism repeatedly, but says it includes imperialism by the Soviet bloc as well as the United States. He equates the U.S. role in Vietnam to the Soviet actions in Afghanistan, and the U.S. support for the Salvadoran junta to the Soviet position in Poland, arguing that Nicaragua has no business getting caught up in the East-West dispute. He criticizes Nicaragua's acquisition of used Soviet-made T55 tanks as a step that has helped put Nicaragua into the East-West trap. He says the sending of forty Nicaraguan pilots and twenty technicians to Bulgaria for flight training, as well as the acquisition of too many guns, has had the same effect.

PASTORA'S PROPOSED government plan reads remarkably like that drawn up here three years ago by the junta of Marxists and moderates that the Sandinista Front created to govern the country, but that had its authority usurped by the nine commanders. The 1979 plan was accompanied by a written commitment to the Organization of American States to call elections and guarantee political and economic pluralism. "I would call capable people—economists, sociologists, doctors, and others—to administer the government, and the military people would go back to their barracks," Pastora told me. "I would have only the minister of defense and maybe the minister of interior in uniform. . . . I would demilitarize Nicaragua. The people have a psychosis of arms. You don't have to govern with a rifle."

Pastora says he is not receiving the support of any government or foreign political party, although he flew into Costa Rica on a Mexican plane thought to

THE NEW REPUBLIC	
SUBSCRIBER SERVICE	
☐ I'm MOVING. My new address is entered below.	Moving? Renewing? For quickest service, affix a recent New Republic mailing label here.
☐ I'm RENEWING. Extend my subscription a year.	
☐ I'm a NEW SUBSCRIBER. Start a year's subscription for me. (one year, \$32; foreign, \$39) ☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill me, please	
Provide the following information (please print): Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____ 31AB07 Mail to: The New Republic P.O. Box 955 Farmingdale, NY 11737	

belong to the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party. He said his financial support, so far, comes from individuals, whom he did not identify. But he said with a smile that he is willing to accept "a peso, or a million, from anywhere—the CIA, the Soviet Union, political parties—as long as it comes without conditions."

In Managua, Pastora's statements were greeted by an outcry of anger and charges of treason and betrayal. Though the National Directorate has had reason to fear this moment since Pastora left Nicaragua, the Sandinista leadership claimed the move was timed to coincide with threatened aggression by the United States

or with a U.S.-backed invasion from Honduras. Pastora appeared unsurprised by the reaction in his homeland, saying one of the great errors of the revolution has been its inability to accept criticism. He predicted that mobs would be turned loose to burn him in effigy all over Nicaragua and that the nine commanders would look for a way to kill him. "They are going to call me traitor, ally of the bourgeoisie, ally of U.S. imperialism—yes, they are going to call me that," he said. "But we made the war, and we liberated the people. It does not worry me. The people are not deceived. The people know who I am."

The beginning of the end of NATO.

IT STARTED AT SUEZ

BY ELIE KEDOURIE

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY after the Suez expedition, the incidents surrounding it and its consequences are by no means clear. The quarrel, which erupted in July 1956, originally involved Great Britain and France. These two powers strongly objected to the nationalization of the canal and threatened to take military measures against Gamel Abdel Nasser. But owing to U.S. pressure and to British hesitations, the military expedition kept on being postponed. In October the French, determined to take action, brought Israel into the conflict, and persuaded the British to join in a stratagem whereby Israel would begin by attacking Egypt. This would allow the two other powers to intervene on the pretext of separating the combatants and save the canal from damage.

This maladroitness, indeed transparent, stratagem is perhaps the least important aspect of the Suez affair. But the voluminous literature which the affair has generated devotes a great deal of space to the "collusion" between Great Britain and France on one side and Israel on the other. The term implies the existence of evil and secret conspiracies entered into for purposes of trickery and fraud, and implies the notion of guilt. Writers are thus found endlessly debating whether Prime Minister Anthony Eden, Selwyn Lloyd, and the other figures involved were guilty of a crime in Suez; or whether Eden, perhaps because of his illness, suf-

fered from impaired judgment in ignoring all the sensible advice he received from colleagues and officials, and embarked on a mad and doomed enterprise.

The so-called collusion and Eden's criminal silliness have been brought to the fore again in revelations about Lord Mountbatten's attitude toward the expedition, published in the *London Times* on November 5 and 11, 1980, and in Donald Neff's recently published *Warriors at Suez* (Simon and Schuster). Mountbatten's revelations were expressed in television interviews which he had stipulated should be shown only after his death. But when the interviews were screened after his murder, the part relating to Suez was suppressed, presumably under official pressure. Then the journalist Bernard Levin succeeded in obtaining the script of the suppressed film and revealed some of its contents in the *Times*.

Mountbatten, who was First Sea Lord at the time, appears to have been vehemently opposed to the expedition, and claimed that he left Eden and other ministers in no doubt concerning his sentiments. Mountbatten declared during the interview that he told Eden that the naval bombardment of Port Said would lead to the British being "plastered" round the world as assassins and baby-killers. He was equally outspoken to Harold Macmillan, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom he declares to have apostrophized after the failure of the expedition: "You backed the Prime Minister to the hilt. You're just as guilty as he is. It's nothing to do with the Chiefs of Staff. They've done their job."

Elie Kedourie is professor of politics at the London School of Economics. His most recent book is *Islam in the Modern World* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston).

Donald Neff's narrative is centered on the issue of collusion. Israel and the Arab-Israeli conflict loom very large indeed in his account of the Suez crisis. We may even say that collusion assumes a central position in explaining the antecedents, the unfolding, and the outcome of the episode. Both Mountbatten's views (which are by no means peculiar to him, but have, on the contrary, become the orthodoxy in the English-speaking world) and Neff's account fail to pose the issues in an historically significant way. Theirs is a question-begging approach.

Israel actually came to be involved in the Suez quarrel very late in the story, at the end of September 1956, and did so as a result of Eden's hesitations and changes of mind. The French, who were very determined to take forcible action, became impatient with him and sought ways of bringing the conflict with Nasser to a resolution. They attempted to do this by introducing Israel into the dispute. Because the Suez quarrel was a quarrel between sovereign states, the British and the French were at liberty to ally themselves with whomever they wished. And since the use of force between sovereign states can never be ruled out, the British and the French were equally at liberty to choose whatever stratagems might help to defeat their enemy—including what French President René Coty called the comedy of the ultimatums. Contrary to what the term collusion seeks to imply, there is nothing here of moral or legal significance.

THE REAL ISSUE lies in the nature of the protagonists' calculations, and the manner in which these calculations related to their ultimate objectives. And, from a British or French point of view, the introduction of Israel into the Suez dispute was a mistake. As a result, two different conflicts came to be mixed up, to the benefit not of the British or of the French, but of Nasser. In any case, the Western powers did not need the Israelis to subdue Egypt; and if Israeli help were really needed then, as General André Beaufre argued, a visibly mobilized Israel continually threatening action in Gaza and Sinai would have served just as well to disorient Nasser and compel him to disperse his forces.

As for Mountbatten, his moralistic and censorious tone is surprising in someone who had dedicated himself to the profession of arms. He should have known that war leads to slaughter and destruction. But unless he was ready to rule out war as an instrument of policy—which would have been paradoxical in a First Sea Lord—the heavy moral disapproval of the paradoxical policies of his government becomes nothing but a petulant, empty gesture. Rather than condemn his political masters for resorting to war—a decision that any political leader sometime or another may have to take—his chief concern should have been to minimize the destruction and slaughter that result from war. The plan devised by the Chiefs of Staff (of whom

Mountbatten was one), by its ponderousness and the slowness of its pace, served perhaps to increase, rather than to decrease, the risk of damage and casualties.

The literature on Suez, in spite of undue concentration on marginal, eccentric, or irrelevant issues, has made it possible for us to form an idea of the calculations of the various parties, and to identify areas still obscure and questions yet to be answered. We can now see into the objectives and strategies of Egypt, Israel, and France. It is British and U.S. policies and behavior that still remain in large parts obscure.

THE NATIONALIZATION of the Suez Canal Company seems to have come to Eden as a bolt from the blue. Should it have been so unexpected? After all, the British evacuation of their bases in Egypt a short time before would have been expected to give Nasser prestige and elbow room, and enable him to embark on new initiatives in the Middle East. It did not take a great deal of acumen to suspect that such initiatives would be inimical to British interests. Specifically, Nasser was implacably opposed to the Baghdad Pact, which became the sheet anchor of British policy in the area. Should Nasser, then, have been afforded the increased prestige that the British evacuation of Egypt gave him, and at the same time have been alienated by the Baghdad Pact policy? Throughout the period, as Foreign Secretary and as Prime Minister, Eden was responsible for British foreign policy. Did the potential contradictions between his Egyptian policy and his Baghdad Pact policy ever occur to him, and did he make any contingency plans to deal with them?

Again, Eden left no one in doubt that the Middle East was vital to Great Britain, militarily and economically. In the spring of 1956 he warned the Soviet leaders that he would not allow anyone to press their thumb to the windpipe, which is what the Suez Canal was for Great Britain. Were plans made to deal with this contingency? From the difficulties that were encountered in organizing an expedition against Egypt, we may suspect that there was a large discrepancy between what the government considered to be vital British interests and its ability to defend them.

The Suez crisis, in short, raises questions about the conduct of British foreign and defense policy which go far beyond the crisis itself. These questions have to do with the character of the political leadership, the adequacy of administrative and military structures, and the capacity and outlook of the higher reaches of the civil and diplomatic service and of the defense staff. It is not to be assumed that the deficiencies which led to failure in 1956 have now disappeared.

But of all the powers involved in the Suez affair, the U.S. remains the most puzzling in its calculations and motives. It is generally known that it was U.S. action in suddenly canceling aid for building the Aswan Dam which triggered the crisis. This action naturally would

be judged as indicating hostility to Nasser. Yet, shortly afterward, the U.S. tried very hard to prevent the British and the French from taking hostile action against him. And when these endeavors did not succeed, and Egypt was attacked, the United States showed extreme hostility to the states involved, two of whom were allies in NATO. The United States in fact forced them to stop their attack, and to evacuate Egyptian territory, as well the Gaza Strip, from which the Israelis had evicted the Egyptians.

The first puzzlement arises from the fact that the policy of isolating Egypt, and preventing it from becoming leader of the Arab world, originated with the U.S. We read in *The Eisenhower Diaries* (edited by Robert H. Farrell), in an entry dated March 13, 1956, that Eisenhower believed Nasser was seeking to be acknowledged as "the political leader of the Arab world" and that he had proved to be "a complete stumbling block" in the way of an Arab-Israeli settlement. From this the President concluded that Egypt should be isolated from the rest of the Arab world, thus preventing "any concerted action on the part of Arab states."

We do not yet know in any detail the debates that preceded the cancellation of the financing for the Aswan Dam, but the decision seems to be consistent with the policy expressed by Eisenhower just a few months before. Nasser's riposte to this decision, however, did not directly affect the United States, but rather two principal NATO allies, Britain and France, whose immediate reaction was forceful in the extreme. But Eisenhower strongly disapproved of this stance. He sought to restrain his allies, and to distance himself from them. He thus inevitably weakened, not to say negated, the very policy of isolating and diminishing Nasser that he had originally favored.

The question naturally arises whether Nasser's reactions were anticipated when cancellation of the Aswan Dam financing was decided. We do not as yet know the answer. We do know, however, that immediately following Nasser's decisions, the Joint Chiefs of Staff declared in a memorandum to the Defense Secretary (quoted by Neff from the Eisenhower Papers) that nationalization of the Canal Company was militarily detrimental to the U.S. and its allies. The Joint Chiefs cited as the results of Nasser's action the possible loss of military bases and facilities; the future of the Baghdad Pact; a threat to the French position in North Africa, as well as to the free flow of shipping through the Canal; and the setting of a precedent for arbitrary action which might affect the security of the U.S. If the Canal were not in friendly hands, they argued, "the United States should consider the desirability of taking military action in support of the U.K., France and others as appropriate."

Eisenhower clearly was not swayed by this line of argument in spite of his belief that Nasser should be checkmated. In his diary there is an entry dated January 6, 1953 (just before he assumed the Presidency),

which recounts a private meeting with Churchill in New York. Eisenhower wrote, "Churchill was trying to relive the days of World War II," when he had "the enjoyable feeling" that he and Roosevelt "were sitting on some rather Olympian platform with respect to the rest of the world and directing world affairs from that point of vantage." Eisenhower judged the present world to be very different. Nationalism was on the march and Communists were taking advantage of it. It was therefore necessary for the two strongest Western powers not to seem to act "as a combination of forces to compel adherence to the status quo." He believed there was great danger present in these powers "banding together to present their case in a 'take it or leave it' attitude." The U.S. should thus deliberately distance itself from Great Britain, and *a fortiori* from its other European allies—as though these were old friends who had now become disreputable and not fit to be seen in polite company. Before the Suez affair, this state of mind was most strikingly exemplified in the U.S. attitude toward the Baghdad Pact, which was seen as an important part of the arrangements necessary for the security of the Middle East against Soviet encroachments. As such, it had the support of the U.S. But the U.S. refused to be a full member of the pact.

SOME EVIDENCE seems to indicate that the contradiction in U.S. policy toward Nasser before and after the nationalization of the Canal Company resulted from misjudgment by the President and his officials. Neff quotes a memorandum of October 8 in which Jim Hagerty, Eisenhower's press secretary, declares: "Somehow the American people and the people of the world expect the President of the United States to do something dramatic—even drastic—to prevent at all possible costs another war." Hagerty was of course writing with an eye to tactics in the impending election, and was afraid that Eisenhower's rival would appeal to the electorate in the same manner as Eisenhower had done four years previously regarding Korea. Hagerty wrote, "I would not like to see the President lose his leadership in the fight for peace in America and throughout the world to the opposition candidate who might conceivably think of saying, 'I shall call on Nasser' or 'I shall call a summit conference on the Suez Canal.'"

Such a possibility disturbed Eisenhower greatly, as can be seen from a telephone conversation with the Under Secretary of State, Herbert Hoover Jr., obviously inspired by Hagerty's memorandum. Referring to talks about the Suez crisis then going on at the United Nations, the President declared that if they proved unsuccessful, "we should not fail to do something about it, possibly dramatic, possibly even drastic. Suez is probably the number one question in the minds of the American people. The British and the French feel they have got to cut off Nasser, but nothing would make me madder."

But Suez was not and could not be the number one question for the American people. What we see here is a candidate's panic, or else his ruthless determination that no risk, however remote, should endanger his electoral prospects, that his rival should gain him no advantage, however insignificant or hypothetical.

The Administration was also clearly moved by other wider, and less partisan, considerations. At the end of October, Eisenhower cabled Eden that he was much concerned by the possibility of conflict with Nasser leading to "a general Arab war." This fear was as imaginary as the apprehension about the concerns of the American electorate was fanciful. There was no chance of Arab states, generally suspicious of one another, joining in defense of Nasser, who was widely mistrusted and feared. Furthermore, both Eisenhower and Dulles wanted to avoid being identified with powers accused of engaging in an anti-Arab, anti-Asian war. Neff reports John Foster Dulles saying to the President, "I have been greatly worried for two or three years over our identification with countries pursuing colonial policies not compatible with our own." Underlying these words was a political and strategic conception far-reaching in its consequences. The issues are defined and highlighted by an exchange (quoted by Neff) between Dulles and Harold Stassen which took place at a meeting of the National Security Council on November 1. As Dulles saw it, for many years the U.S. had been walking a tightrope "between the effort to maintain our old and valued relations with our British and French allies on the one hand and on the other trying to assure ourselves of the friendship and understanding of the newly independent countries who have escaped from colonialism. Unless we now assert and maintain this leadership, all of these newly independent countries will turn from us to the USSR." Stassen expressed the opposite point of view. He argued that the future of Great Britain and France was still the most important consideration for the U.S., and he rejected the assumption that these two powers were going downhill.

STASSEN decisively lost the argument. The President, Dulles, and Treasury Secretary George Humphrey all believed that if the U.S. did not oppose the British and the French, it would lose its leadership of what is now called the third world to the Soviet Union. It is clear that Eisenhower expected great things to follow from this policy—and, in this specific instance, from supporting Egypt and opposing his allies. In the November 8 entry in his diary he set down his hopes and expectations. Now that he had forced Great Britain, France, and Israel to stop their attack on Egypt, he would "lay before the several governments information and proposals that will establish real peace in the area and, above all, exclude any Communist influence from making any headway therein." He was also very hopeful that "the constructive things" on which the

U.S. would now embark would make the Soviet threat recede even further: "For example, we can provide Egypt with an agreed-upon amount of arms—sufficient to maintain internal order and a reasonable defense of its borders, in return for an agreement that it will never accept any Soviet offer." Trade missions, loans, technicians, the financing of the Aswan Dam, etc.: the President clearly believed these offers to be irresistible and likely to cement cordial relations between Nasser and the U.S. for good.

IT DOES NOT require the wisdom of hindsight to realize how foolish the President's expectations were, and how innocent the manner in which he approached the Middle East and the third world. Nasser, with all his grandiose ambitions, was highly unlikely to simply cultivate his garden, accept U.S. protection and patronage, or even show gratitude to the power that saved him from ruin. But the wider policy from which stemmed the decision to support Nasser was itself ill-conceived and rested on the flimsiest foundation. And the third world is not a homogeneous entity, about which anything resembling a policy can be formulated and applied. It consists, rather, of a clamorous and querulous collection of unstable governments, industrially and militarily insignificant, unable to count on the loyalty of their subjects, generally devoid of legitimacy, and thus given to despotic and capricious courses. The ambition of the U.S. to lead such a cohort was chimerical, profitless, and worse. Worse, because the educated and official classes of this third world were, and would for a long time remain, in the grip of radical and revolutionary notions which the Bolshevik triumph and the subsequent rise of the Soviet Union to world-power status had made immensely attractive. To aspire to the leadership of this third world, as Dulles did, rather than pursue a firm alliance with like-minded and incomparably stabler, richer, and more powerful countries like Great Britain and France, seems like the caprice of a bored and spoiled child—one of those children shortly afterward to proliferate in America, who, rejecting the ways of "square" parents, began to yearn for the factitious joys of doing their own thing.

Eisenhower's and Dulles's actions showed in particular that the U.S. felt free to pursue policies hostile to its NATO allies in areas which might be argued to be outside the geographical boundaries of NATO. The result was the absurd spectacle of the U.S. Sixth Fleet attempting to hamper the British and French fleets in their operations against Egypt, when these same fleets were, in the ordinary course of events, expected to cooperate with one another in the very same area. The precedent which this created later served to hamstring the U.S. in dealing with USSR—against whom the NATO alliance was directed. Thus in the October 1973 war, NATO allies in Europe refused to allow the use of NATO facilities on their soil for sending American arms to

Israel. And in 1979-1980, the European allies refused to support U.S. actions opposing Soviet expansion in Afghanistan, because the Persian Gulf and Afghanistan were outside the NATO area. The wide gap now yawning within the NATO alliance has its origins in the damaging fissure inflicted by U.S. actions at the time of the Suez crisis.

The gap will widen further if the U.S. is seen by the British, as in Eisenhower's time, to be blowing hot and cold in supporting their cause, or in its actions to be double-faced, or using "mediation" as a roundabout way of hamstringing and circumventing the purposes of a like-minded ally. The parallel with Suez will not fail to be drawn, and the consequences in Britain, in NATO, and in Western Europe will be damaging, if not ruinous. How can one think for a moment that Argentina has the same weight in strategic balances as Britain and Western Europe?

AS HAS BEEN seen, Eisenhower naively expected a great benefit from his policy. Eisenhower's expectation that the U.S. could legitimately expect a great propaganda advantage from having saved Nasser was at best inherently unrealistic. The actions of his Administration in another part of the world made it utterly improbable. The President was fortified in his belief that U.S. action at Suez would give it an enhanced reputation in Asia and Africa by what was then happening in Hungary. The evidence, however, tends to show that U.S. policies there considerably weakened the cautionary force of this example. As Brian McCauley showed in the October 1981 *Journal of Contemporary History*, the U.S. consistently misread the events in Hungary, not only because reports were scarce and difficult to interpret, but also because of a certain innocence in evaluating Soviet intentions that equals Eisenhower's innocence regarding Nasser. It has been widely asserted that the world was unable to do anything about the Soviet repression of the Hungarians because its attention was taken up by Suez. But the evidence indicates that this allegation has no basis. It also shows that the U.S. Administration was infinitely more indulgent to a potential enemy than to its allies.

At a National Security Council meeting on October 26, after the first bout of fighting in Budapest, Eisenhower wondered whether, with the deterioration of the Soviet Union's hold over its satellites, it might be tempted to resort to extreme measures, even to the extent of starting a world war. The meeting hence decided that Moscow should be reassured that Washington had no wish to intervene in Poland—where the situation was also tense—or in Hungary. The Soviets might not feel compelled to crush the new regime in Budapest, an attempt which could lead to the collapse of Soviet domination in Eastern Europe, and thus to a world war. This thinking continued to govern U.S. policy. Up until November 2 or 3, the U.S. believed in

the Soviet declaration of October 30 (made by Anastas Mikoyan and Mikhail Suslov in Budapest) to the effect that they intended to withdraw Soviet troops and that they accepted that there could be different roads to socialism. This, however, was a deliberate deception, intended to allow Soviet troops to regroup and be reinforced, in order to reoccupy the country in strength. It was accomplished by November 2.

BUT AT THE same time that the vials of wrath were being poured on Great Britain, France, and Israel in the Security Council and the General Assembly, the U.S. was lobbying against any U.N. action over Hungary, and as late as November 3 prevented the discussion of the situation in Hungary by the Security Council. In public and in private Dulles emphasized that the U.S. would not intervene on behalf of Poland and Hungary. McCauley also states that a telegram might have been sent to Tito to the effect that the U.S. did not look with favor upon governments on the borders of the Soviet Union that were unfriendly to this power. Khrushchev was then in Belgrade, and the telegram may really have been intended for his eyes. McCauley has been unable to establish conclusively the existence of this telegram, but its tenor is consistent with other U.S. actions.

The United States then gave the Soviets carte blanche. They asserted themselves in Hungary, and their position in Central and Eastern Europe was preserved and reaffirmed, while no great harm seems to have been done to their reputation in the world. In fact, the propaganda advantage which the United States expected from Suez was reaped by none other than the Soviet Union. When the crisis erupted, the Soviets behaved cautiously, withdrawing their planes and personnel from Egypt. For until November 2 they believed that the United States was behind the attack on Egypt. This was a natural belief, for they certainly would not treat allies almost as though they were enemies.

When U.S. policy, in all its contrariness, became apparent, the Soviets felt free to threaten London and Paris with rockets and to propose joint action with the U.S. against imperialist aggression. All this, of course, was in order to compel the United States to come to the defense of its NATO allies and then to brand it as the imperialist friend of imperialist aggressors. The ploy succeeded brilliantly.

It is difficult to say who won at Suez. Certainly not the British or the French, and certainly not the U.S. Neither did the Egyptian people, who had to endure another fourteen years of Nasser's despotism. The seeds of the Six-Day War were also sown then, since the U.S. failed to compel Nasser, as the price of his rescue, to agree to the kind of settlement with Israel which his successor managed, over twenty years later, to persuade an initially appalled and reluctant Washington to back.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Far Places

"Can New Zealand Rival Australia for Movie Honors?" That's what the Sunday *New York Times* asked us on April 25, and the answer is, "Not Yet." Those honors, once we get past press puffery, consist mostly of three reputable Aus-

Smash Palace
(Atlantic Releasing Co.)

The Amateur
(20th Century-Fox)

tralian films, *My Brilliant Career*, *Breaker Morant*, and *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*. The one New Zealand film I've so far seen, directed by the man who was interviewed in that *Times* piece, doesn't approach them.

But some facts, shameful to the U.S., should be stated before discussing the picture. New Zealand, like almost every film-producing country in the world except ours, provides governmental assistance for films. (Methods vary from country to country: direct grants in advance, tax rebates, prizes.) New Zealand, population a bit over three million, has just opened a \$10 million National Film Unit near Wellington. This is in addition to the \$15 million complex at Lower Hutt. Of course, these two complexes are used to produce material for the country's two TV channels, but the excellent facilities are also used for feature films.

One of those films is *Smash Palace*, which had support from the New Zealand Film Commission. It was written and produced and directed by Roger Donaldson, who is Australian-born but whose film career began in New Zealand. I missed his first film, *Sleeping Dogs*, when it was shown here recently. His second is an earnest, trite mediocrity. *Smash Palace* is the name of an immense automobile graveyard, garage, and body shop somewhere out in the country, which the hero runs and which he inherited, proudly, from his father. This hero is played by Bruno

Lawrence (locally well-known as a rock drummer before he acted); he's a man who loves his work, loves the racing he does occasionally in the racing car he built for himself, loves his seven-year-old daughter, loves and hates his wife, Anna Jemison. Lawrence met her when he was racing in France and brought her Down Under to these boondocks.

Jemison has grown discontent, begins a thing with a policeman who is Lawrence's best friend, and moves out. The child loves both parents and likes the policeman. Everything is in place for one more gritty drama of a restless woman married to a prole who adores her; a sensitive-brute husband whose hurts make him blunder; a child torn between the two. By gum, there's even the loyal old mechanic who is anguished because he's devoted to the three of them. It's all sufficiently valid; it's all more than sufficiently familiar.

The directing and acting are adequate, the color photography is not. The picture's only novelty is its locale, which, I suppose, is what has caused all the press yelping about it. The very same picture, shot for shot, made in (say) Arizona with Arizonan dialogue, would have passed by with only a few burbles. Essentially the rave reviews are a form of patronization. ("Look at what New Zealanders can do.") I suppose when/if the same picture comes along from another country generally unrepresented here, we'll get the same wide-eyed wonder. I can see the *Times* headline now: CAN NORWAY RIVAL SWEDEN FOR MOVIE HONORS?

My opinion of *Smash Palace* is hardly a contradiction of my point about government support. Donaldson's film doesn't prove that government aid is misused. Hundreds and hundreds of good foreign films prove just the opposite.

Before World War II, I thought that the public got much of its political education from political thrillers—Eric Ambler, Geoffrey Household, and oth-

ers—and the films made of those books. Today I think the situation is reversed: thrillers, books or films, are based on assumptions about the audience's political sophistication, however distorted or inaccurate that sophistication may be.

The Amateur assumes that the audience believes, or will believe, certain matters about the CIA, about Soviet intelligence work, about political terrorism. Without audience belief, it would be a concoction, possibly exciting; as is, it seems—at least in its basic strategies—quite realistic, and all the more exciting therefore. Robert Littell, who wrote the novel of that name, wrote the screenplay with Diana Maddox. The hero, John Savage, is a mathematical whiz who works in the code and cipher division of the CIA. His girl friend is cold-bloodedly murdered—on TV—by political terrorists while she is visiting Germany. The chiefs of the CIA tell Savage that the terrorists have fled to Czechoslovakia and that the Company is doing all it can; but the chiefs are clearly fobbing him off. The dead girl's father, a survivor of the Warsaw ghetto, tells Savage that he found the murderers of his family after the war and strangled them with his own hands. Savage takes the hint.

As an insider, he finds means to blackmail the CIA into training him as a field operative and getting him into

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Diner. Engaging and funny, if occasionally contrived and always sexist. Six Baltimore youths, 1959, "hanging out" together on the edge of maturity.

Diva. A lush and lovely thriller-romance, involving a Parisian moped messenger, a black U.S. soprano, a Vietnamese girl, and several killers. Exquisite and exciting.

Garde à Vue. Police investigation of rape and murder, transmuted into marital drama. Paris again, but unlike *Diva*, spare, driving, grim.

Some Kind of Hero. A Vietnam P.O.W. returns to Los Angeles, gets shafted, turns criminal. Richard Pryor's serio-comic talents lift a so-so script into comic seriousness.

SK

Czechoslovakia. The complications that follow are complex and surprising, but not much is incredible—least of all the cold-bloodedness on both sides, U.S. and opponents, in operations of intelligence, counterintelligence, and counter-counterintelligence. Only the very ending is a bit strained and needs the help of some final titles.

The color photography by John Coquillon, who has done much work for Sam Peckinpah, among others, is splendid. The previous directing of Charles Jarrott has been a mountain of flab—such things as *Lost Horizon* and *The Other Side of Midnight*—no kind of preparation for the electric zing of this picture. Jarrott not only gets the slap of physical impact when it's needed, he handles subtler moments chillingly. Early in the film a terrorist takes Savage's girl out of the U.S. Consulate down into the street so that he can shoot her in front of the cameras. The terrorist presses the button of the elevator, and the pair—killer and victim—wait in gruesome parody of any ordinary waiting for the elevator. Jarrott handles it quietly.

He had a good script. Littell and Mad-dox have built it well, with tensions and releases, and have supplied good dialogue. In Czechoslovakia Savage meets a young Czech woman who works for the CIA, a widow whose husband was murdered by the state. Savage asks her why she took on this work. She answers with a shrug. "It filled my days. With fear. But it filled my days."

This woman is played by Marthe Keller, one of the most underrated actresses in films. (Her poignant performance in the poor *Bobby Deerfield* is one of my lost causes.) Savage himself is quick and vivid, but he is allowed or encouraged to slur his speech; about 20 percent of what he says has to be understood by context. The top foreign secret operative who opposes him—whose avocation, like Savage's, is Elizabethan ciphers—is Christopher Plummer, complete with accent, spectacles, professorial disorder, and utter conviction. Plummer says he does film roles in order to live well. Fair exchange. He allows us to live well while watching him.

Leslie Halliwell is, at least, indefatigable. This Englishman is singlehandedly doing two reference books: he compiled them originally and keeps them up to date, while he functions as program buyer for ITV of Britain. His *Filmgoer's Companion*, a biographical dictionary

"The master storyteller of American politics

here sums up a quarter century of Presidential elections....Must reading for anyone who wants to know where we may be going next."

—OSBORN ELLIOTT, DEAN,
COLUMBIA GRADUATE
SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM



A Book-of-the-Month
Club Main Selection

America in Search of Itself

THE MAKING OF THE
PRESIDENT 1956-1960

Theodore H. White



Harper & Row A Cornelia and Michael Bessie Book

Should a University

- Take a formal position on controversial political issues, such as the Vietnam War?
- Give preferential treatment to minority students and faculty?
- Pay local property taxes?
- Buy stock in South African firms?
- Give technical assistance to countries with repressive governments?

Beyond the Ivory Tower

Social Responsibilities of the Modern University

Derek Bok

President, Harvard University

"A very thoughtful book. The best discussion I have read on the moral dilemmas involved in the operation of the modern university, and the intense difficulties they pose." —Clark Kerr
\$15.95

Available at bookstores and directly from

Harvard University Press

79 Garden Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

with some entries for subjects and for individual films, is now in its seventh edition of 825 large pages. And Scribner's has just published the third edition of *Halliwel's Film Guide* of 1,153 even larger pages (\$39.95). It lists over 12,000 films—2,000 more than the second edition—mostly American and British but also many foreign ones. For each film Halliwell gives essential data—country of origin, date, running time, principal people involved—and often quotes briefly from reviews. For each

film, too, Halliwell writes a line of plot synopsis and a line of comment. Sometimes these are funnier than perhaps intended. On Polanski's *Tess*: "A peasant girl tries to prove her noble heritage but finds herself with an illegitimate child. Solid, unexciting version of a classic Wessex novel; a hard sell for 1980 audiences." Sometimes he's nicely pithy. On *Night without Sleep*: "Dreary melodrama, all frayed tempers, drunkenness, and cigarette smoke." A book designed for quick flips, and useful for them.

Reflections on the old world and the new.

MIGRATIONS

BY CZESLAW MILOSZ

AT DAYBREAK the fog below is a plain swirling stormily. The sun rises, the fog breaks and the waters of the bay appear, the outlines of the islands, and headlands, sheaves of skyscrapers. Dew drips from the pines, hummingbirds can be heard whirring in the bushes by the window. The traffic on the roads and bridges increases, a glimmering multitude of microscopic points. Then I too join everyone rushing in pursuit of their goals and I become part of the great operation.

Steps, faces, gestures, words, aspirations and their fulfillment all seem miraculous to me. Yet another day it continues. Perhaps for many people the smooth repetition of daily affairs is boringly normal, but not for me. This stems from a habit of mine, the result of various unhappy experiences. In my lifetime, states, social systems, civilizations, cities fell to pieces; for people caught in a cataclysm—and I happened to be one—the common things of life, once treated so lightly, are transformed in memory into a precious lost treasure. Anything which allays life's inherent savagery seems fragile to me, constantly threatened by the chaos which I suspect

is the normal state of things. Yet another day, well-oiled, working well, what a marvel.

Whatever exists can be measured by our desire that it be as it should, but one can also make do with decent approximations. Man is afraid of pain, he flees physical suffering and hunger, and it is probably a healthy cynicism which whispers to us that spiritual sufferings yield the foreground to primal needs. The idea of founding an ideal country, a New Jerusalem, brought the first Pilgrims to America but its population is almost entirely composed of the descendants of fugitives who left their native countries driven out by hard necessity. Suddenly, the improbable triumph of a premise unpleasant to people of the spirit—that the down-to-earth, the crude, the material, and the practical are stronger than anything which resides in our minds; an America surrounded by the envy, admiration, and anger of the Earth's inhabitants, who, for the most part, suffer from hunger or lawless governments.

The popular legend of America, so strong in Europe, does, however, beautify something which ought not to be beautified. Like every legend, it is kept strong and alive by what it chooses not to say; it selects only the attractive elements from a complex reality. People left their villages and little towns, having arrived at a decision at times akin to that of a man about to take his own life. They weighed everything, then went

off into the unknown; but when they found themselves in the unknown they were seized by a despair unlike anything they had ever experienced in the old country. They were accustomed to earning their bread by the sweat of their brows but their work had been incorporated into the rituals of a community with its traditions, beliefs, and the blessings of their neighbors. Death as a sanction, "Who doesn't work, doesn't eat," was a part of human fate, accepted in silence, but it was not inflicted on people as individuals: the yoke was borne by everyone together, family, relatives, friends. Now each of them was assessed as an individual and, isolated among the isolated, they earned their living for a few paper dollars a day. They lived in slums, entire districts of the damned, food and clothing their only permissible goal. They came to know the fear of unemployment and a spiritual affliction they were unable to name and which they thus called nostalgia for their native district. Then they began to cling to one great dream—to go back. At the same time, however, pride would not allow them to admit their mistake and they wrote lying letters home reporting that they were doing splendidly. They knew there was no going back and even those who, denying themselves everything, scraped together the money to go back, knew in their heart of hearts that they were sustaining themselves on an illusion. Another hope remained for them, one a bit more reasonable—that, at some point, they would move from the district of the damned to one where healthy, secure families spent their days and nights in tidy little houses with white columns by the entrance.

Resigning oneself to the inevitable is the heroism of the common people. You can cry, rebel, but must is must and so you seal yourself off and do what has to be done. Many of them did move to better neighborhoods, and some to the best, for they had amassed fortunes; the majority shifted their hopes onto their children and it was only they who moved out of the slums and the factory housing. When affluence allowed millions to taste the good life, some memories still remained, although not historical ones, for why should they care about the adventures of monarchs, battles over borders, revolutions won or lost. Here, by San Francisco Bay, nearly every man and woman who owns a car and house treats his or her fate with a

touch of disbelief. For one man will remember long family deliberations in some corner of Europe over the impossibility of buying a pair of boots; or soup lines in the years of the great Depression when the only money coming into the house was brought by him, a child selling apples in the street. Or a woman lives with the memory of a dreary brick wall outside her window, a courtyard where a meager tree had to suffice her for the forest she had never seen and had embellished with a child's imagination;

or she recalls with sorrow the face of her immigrant grandfather, a simple man who never won the game, never acquired anything. For me the commonplace deserves to be praised since History's volcanic malice rages beneath the thin layer we tread so carefully. For them too, for other reasons, the successes won and confirmed each day are undermined by an element ready to erupt and return them to that helplessness and misery which their fathers had to stand up to.

THE HORROR, THE HORROR

The Time of Stalin:

Portrait of a Tyranny

by Anton Antonov-Ovseyenko

(Harper & Row, 374 pp., \$19.95)

In 1936, Anton Antonov-Ovseyenko was a sixteen-year-old history student in Moscow. He remembers his father, after attending the first of the notorious Moscow Trials, coming home "gloomy and depressed." And this was no ordinary father. Vladimir Antonov-Ovseyenko was a legendary leader of the Bolshevik Revolution, a comrade of Lenin, Commissar for Defense in the first Bolshevik Provisional Government, the commander whose troops took the Winter Palace in 1917, who stormed up the marble steps himself at their head. (His name appears eighteen times in John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*, as opposed to two for Stalin.) He became one of the Red Army's great commanders during the civil war and continued to hold high office until he got in Stalin's bad books in the mid-1920s (the fate of all the Bolshevik Old Guard, do what they would) for aligning himself briefly with Trotsky. Sent off into the diplomatic service—in those days a prelude to disgrace and execution—he served as Soviet ambassador to Czechoslovakia and Poland and proconsul to the Spanish republic at the start of the Spanish Civil War before being called back to Moscow for his day of reckoning.

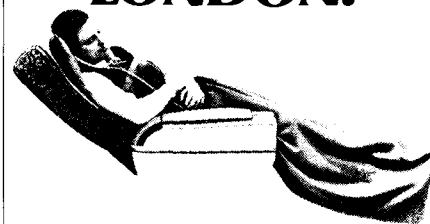
No one, not even his son, can know for certain what was in Antonov-

Ovseyenko's mind in those last days. Appointed Commissar for Justice in the Russian republic after a meeting with Stalin (one of whose more sinister quirks was to shower honors on his future victims), Antonov had written a special article in *Izvestia* before Zinoviev's and Kamenev's trial even began cursing the "Trotskyist-Zinovievist gang," agents of the Gestapo, the worst enemies of the people, with whom "there's only one way of talking—shooting."

Within weeks of his appointment as Commissar for Justice his own time came. Arrested and charged with the same perfidious crimes as Zinoviev and Kamenev, Antonov stubbornly and courageously refused to confess, and was soon executed or tortured to death. He has no grave. No one knows where his body lies, if indeed it was not pulverized by a stone crusher in a prison cellar and flushed into the Moscow sewers, a practice of the time. He is one of the most illustrious of those to have died in the Great Terror: one of some nineteen million people.

His son Anton, who became a professional historian, has now written an extraordinary history of the whole Stalin era—the most important book to have come out of the Soviet experience since Solzhenitsyn's *The Gulag Archi-*

**SNUGGLE
DOWN
FOR
A GOOD
NIGHT'S
SLEEP
IN
NEW YORK.
AND
WAKE UP IN
LONDON.**



Air-India's throwing a slumber party.

Because now every Air-India First Class seat is a Slumberette. Once on board you can tilt your Slumberette back.

A hostess will fluff your pillow. Tuck a downy blanket around you. And in 40 winks you're in London or India.

Of course, when you aren't sleeping, we'll lavish you with service.

Excellent food, champagne, caviar, music, movies.

You can RSVP with your travel agent. But do it soon.

Because space at every slumber party is limited to 16 people. (That's twice as much room as some other First Classes.)

You probably never dreamt flying could be so comfortable.

AIR-INDIA
THE AIRLINE THAT'S DIFFERENT.
AND BETTER.

TOLL FREE RESERVATIONS:
Continental U.S. (800) 223-7776;
New York State (800) 442-8115; New York City (212) 731-6200
TOLL FREE GENERAL TRAVEL INFORMATION:
Continental U.S. (800) 223-9665;
New York State (800) 532-7556; New York City (212) 407-4377
FIRST CLASS AND FULL FARE
INFORMATION & RESERVATIONS: (212) 407-4456
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE INFORMATION:
(212) 632-0100

pelago and one of only three general accounts to have been written by those who saw the era from the inside, the other two being Solzhenitsyn's and Roy Medvedev's *Let History Judge*. The new history, called *The Time of Stalin*, has a unique advantage over the other two in that Antonov, because of the reverence for his father (and after serving twelve years in the Gulag himself) has had access to far higher official Soviet circles than any previous writer. Solzhenitsyn, after all, was only an army major. We are given the death scene of Zinoviev and Kamenev, with Zinoviev, having praised the regime in the most servile manner during his trial "confession," shouting to his executioners, "This is a fascist coup"—apparently recounted to the author by no less a figure than Anastas Mikoyan. We have Rokossovsky, dying of cancer in 1968, muttering curses on the generalship of "that half-educated priest" (Stalin), and Zhukov, the victor of Stalingrad and Berlin, in an eerie passage censored from his memoirs, being told by Stalin after the war that he was charged with being a British agent and would be exiled to the Urals (the Soviet Deputy Defense Minister explained to Milovan Djilas that Zhukov has "turned out to be a Jew"). We have the same Zhukov, rehabilitated in 1956 and a member of the Central Committee, hurling in the faces of the Politburo, "You people collaborated with Stalin in driving the troops like cattle to the slaughter."

THERE ARE TALES of pure horror. Marshal Blyukher, a hero of the civil war and first winner of the Order of the Red Banner, already marked for liquidation, was purged in 1937 after a successful defense of the Soviet Far East from a Japanese attack. Accused of being a Japanese spy, Blyukher was tortured barbarously. With one of his eyes torn out and placed in his palm, he was told, "If you don't talk, we'll tear out the other" (this much is in official documents). Taken into Beria's office, Blyukher lunged at the murderous chief of the NKVD and was gunned down on the spot. Marshal Tukhachevsky, the Red Army's Chief of Staff and greatest strategist, was also purged in 1937, this time for being an agent of Nazi Germany, and also met his end bravely, refusing to confess. Knowing he would be executed, he spent his last two weeks hurrying to complete a major work on military strategy. By chance, in 1956,

nineteen years after Tukhachevsky's execution and fifteen years after the German attack, his manuscript was finally read. In it he had written: "Fascist Germany will attack the Soviet Union in the spring of 1941 with up to 200 mobile divisions." In fact, Hitler, after a slight delay, launched Operation Barbarossa on the second day of summer in 1941, with 180 mobile divisions. But no one had read the work of the "traitor" Tukhachevsky.

FOR ALL OF THESE invaluable, previously unknown stories, we are given footnotes that read: "Reported by G----o"; "From the manuscripts of M.'s unpublished memoirs"; "Oral recollections of Marshal Vasily Chuikov"; "One of the stories told by Stalin's elder son, Yakov"; "From oral accounts by Anastas Mikoyan." When France's Maurice Thorez visited Khrushchev in 1956 and pleaded with him to halt his de-Stalinization as the French Communist Party had already lost 48,000 members, Antonov writes simply that a third party "was present." There is little way of cross-checking most of these stories. But it might say something about the mood of America today that I know of no Soviet scholar who is not taking *The Time of Stalin* with utmost seriousness. Neither the publisher nor editor will explain how this manuscript fell into his hands, nor how it was brought out of the Soviet Union. But who could challenge the bona fides of the son of one of the revolution's legendary heroes, a survivor himself of Stalin's camps, half-blind, exposing himself to perils we would have difficulty evaluating but determined to tell the truth about Stalin as his duty "to those who died at his hands, to those who survived that dark night, to those who will come after us." Like Solzhenitsyn, Antonov-Ovseyenko has had a vision of evil, has stared long into the abyss. He is not quite like other men, and we should not expect it.

The reader must prepare himself for some quite stupefying figures on the death toll of Stalin's reign. Since they are close to some other estimates we have had, and since they are reported with respect by such as Harrison Salisbury, for example, I can present them as nothing if not estimable. Unlike the crimes of Hitler, however, Stalin's crimes have never come anywhere near being absorbed into the consciousness of the American people.

We must recall that *La Terreur* of the French Revolution—that great historical precedent which so gripped the imagination of the Bolsheviks as it had alarmed so many of the nineteenth century's reactionaries—sent to the guillotine or to death in prison some 35,000 people. In the last half-century of czarist Russia, the number of people put to death for all crimes from homicide to political assassination was 14,000, and these were given public trials, with even the assassins of Czar Alexander II granted their day in court, allowed to make ringing denunciations of the czarist regime. Totals like this seem almost cozy and comfortable compared to the ravenous madness that Stalin was to set loose against his own people. According to Antonov-Ovseyenko's estimate, which seems an anguished attempt to measure a cataclysm for which we shall obviously never have the exact figures, the toll in blood was as follows:

In the great terror, the political purges of the late 1930s: nineteen million. In the forced collectivization of agriculture, with associated repressions and famine and executions: twenty-two million. In executions and repressions which continued during and after World War II: nine million. Antonov gives Soviet war dead in World War II as thirty-two million (Western sources, analyzing Soviet demographics, give the drop in Soviet population during the war as thirty million). He holds Stalin responsible for a great proportion of these dead—not for fighting the war but for the way it was fought, massacring "untrustworthy" ethnic groups and Soviet nationals in labor camps when retreating (for fear they would fight for the Germans) and attacking massively along a broad front with total indifference to casualties when on the offensive. Stalin's technique for clearing German minefields was to drive over them labor battalions, including women, with machine gunners at their back. (In his new *Stalin's Secret War*, Nikolai Tolstoy reports that when Moscow refused a British wartime offer of mine-sweeping equipment, its chief of military procurement in London explained unabashedly, "We use people for that.")

Antonov-Ovseyenko does not give a quantitative breakdown in assigning responsibility for the Soviet war dead, but Nikolai Tolstoy calculates that the Germans, who lost two-and-a-half million men on the Eastern front, could not possibly have killed more than some

ten to fifteen million Soviet nationals, even with the worst Soviet generalship possible, and counting in the German total all massacred Jews and the Soviet dead in Germany's prisoner-of-war camps (although it was Stalin who said, "There are no Soviet prisoners in Germany, only Soviet traitors," and refused to sign the Geneva Convention). This would leave a minimum of another fifteen million at Stalin's door, disappeared into the vast charnel house of the Soviet Union in wartime, in the camps, in mass deportations, frozen to death on the way to the Kolyma gold fields, slaughtered here and there *pour encourager les autres*.

For those interested in a total Soviet tally, counting the early years and those before Stalin consolidated his power, Antonov-Ovseyenko estimates that the civil war, with the famine and executions of "class enemies" which followed, did away with still another eighteen million. Which means that the Soviet state, in seizing and maintaining itself in power, has very probably killed over eighty million of its own people. This is greater than the combined total dead on all fronts, military and civilian, in both world wars. There is no real argument about the basics here. The Soviet Union is, simply, the greatest tyranny in history.

THE STATISTICS alone argue strongly for an analysis put very cogently by Nikolai Tolstoy in *Stalin's Secret War* (the "secret" war being the one Stalin fought against the Soviet population), which is to say that what Stalin feared most was not an enemy invader but his own people. Milovan Djilas has written, after spending much time with Stalin and his "cabal," that

I could not suppress a feeling that these men had no confidence at all in the legitimacy of their rule. . . . They acted like a group of conspirators scheming to suppress, squash, circumvent, or hoodwink the inhabitants of some conquered land, not their own.

There is a great deal of evidence that Stalin was in a permanent funk that his regime would collapse overnight, like the Czar's or Kerensky's. And since both these regimes collapsed in wartime, he could not suspend the terror even during World War II.

Working abroad from accounts by defectors, dissidents, and other sources, Tolstoy estimates at the height of the war the number of well-armed, well-



"This book is vital for understanding the plant-closure issue, an important topic for the 1980s."

— Doug Bandow
Special Assistant to the
President for Domestic Affairs

In this series of original and reprinted essays, Professor Richard McKenzie, Senior Fellow at the Heritage Foundation, and other distinguished analysts consider whether plant closure laws are needed and whether they will achieve their desired effect:

- Has there been a substantial movement of businesses from the Frostbelt to the Sunbelt?
- Will restrictions on business mobility help workers?
- Is it ever beneficial to limit the flexibility of business decisions?

As the discussion of plant closure laws moves from Washington to the states, this volume is vital.

PLANT CLOSINGS: PUBLIC OR PRIVATE CHOICES?

Richard B. McKenzie, Editor

Available for \$5.00 from Cato Institute, Dept. NE • 224 Second St., SE, Washington, D.C. 20003

**CATO
INSTITUTE**

"Unafraid of death, we can live with more zeal... take more chances to achieve growth and enrichment..."

*take life as something precious,
not something ordinary...*

Judy Tatelbaum

Every person espousing a philosophy of human dignity and freedom will want to read the Winter 1982 issue of **Humanistic Judaism**, "Death, Dying and Bereavement."

Designed to enhance our living by confronting our dying, this issue of **Humanistic Judaism** is devoted to the exploration of death, dying and bereavement from a unique perspective. Seeking the tools and knowledge necessary to confront one's own mortality, as well as the mortality of others.



Send \$4.00 to cover cost and postage to:

Society for Humanistic Judaism
28611 W. 12 Mile Road
Farmington Hills, MI 48018
(313) 478-7610

fed, well-paid NKVD troops held out of combat in order to guard political prisoners as "up to a million." (Antonov-Ovseyenko, working within from unpublished documents, gives this figure as three million.) George Kennan, at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow in January 1946, the war over, gives the NKVD budget for purely administrative purposes as "two thirds as large as total spent for these purposes by entire remainder of Soviet Govt apparatus." Unless we consider Stalin a pure psychopath (a view which Antonov-Ovseyenko rather favors), the only plausible explanation for Stalin's conduct is a fear of being overthrown by what his son Jakov called apprehensively a "National Russian Revolution." Rejecting any idea of a German conquest of the Soviet Union, Jakov told his wartime German captors that as for a national revolution, on the other hand, "That would be dangerous." Of all the Soviet citizens Stalin certainly feared his own military lead-

ers most—living as he did in permanent dread of a "Bonaparte"—and, early in the Great Purge, in scarcely more than six months, he liquidated half the Red Army's officer corps (Antonov and Medvedev concur), starting at the top with three marshals, including the Chief of Staff. The army was left with first lieutenants leading regiments, and without a single officer with command experience. This was the army that lost 500,000 to a million men fighting tiny Finland, before having to face Hitler's panzer divisions.

Soviet losses, as will be noted, are always very approximate, since, for a regime so dedicated to the improvement of mankind, the USSR never did keep very good count of its own dead. The great Soviet census of 1937, for example, came up an embarrassing thirty million short. Someone had lost thirty million people; they had somehow fallen through the cracks. Stalin cancelled the census and purged the census-takers.

In these matters, half-measures were never Stalin's weak point. The assassination of Leningrad Party chief Kirov in 1934, an event as hugely publicized in the Soviet Union as the Reichstag fire in Hitler's Germany, is one of the grand set pieces of Stalin's reign. It is now well-established that Stalin staged the assassination, in a corridor of the famed Smolny Institute—afterward, as was his wont, killing the man who killed the man, then killing the man who killed the man who killed the man—this also exponentially. The next step, at the great show trials, was to charge the Trotskyists and Zinovievists and other such deviants with having plotted the Kirov assassination, and countless others went to their

death—this also exponentially. But Antonov gives us some new details of Kirov's rise and fall. At the Seventeenth All-Union Party Congress which had taken place earlier in 1934, Kirov had been very much on the rise, the Party's new sun. At elections for the Party's Central Committee, there were only as many candidates as seats, so all candidates were elected, but still Kirov had been the shining winner, leading by three hundred votes over General Secretary Stalin, who came in last. Some three hundred delegates had actually crossed out Stalin's name on their list-style ballots. Now, since the election was by secret ballot, how would Stalin ever figure out which three hundred had voted against him? Antonov-Ovseyenko has studied the delegate lists for the Seventeenth Congress, and the delegates' subsequent biographies. There were almost 2,000 delegates. Those to survive the Terror numbered perhaps twenty-five. The man took no chances. He was thorough.

IT IS NO DOUBT a by-product of our having fought a great war against Nazi Germany, and not against the Soviet Union, that general notions of the Nazis' system of government, history, and unspeakable crimes have entered into American folklore and popular parlance, while those of the Soviet Union have not. All during World War II the Office of War Information churned out its propaganda, and those who had not noticed the Reichstag fire when it took place in 1933 learned about it then. At the war's close thousands of journalists and photographers, both civilian and military, climbed all over the Nazi death camps, saw the dead and dying. As a result, Hitler's lieutenants—Himmler, Goering, Goebbels—are still household names in America. Almost everyone knows of Auschwitz, Dachau, Buchenwald, Treblinka. Fascism is still popularly taken to have no rival in political evil, which is not without irony since the Fascist states, in defense of private property and their own form of mixed economy, copied most of their techniques of government slavishly from the Bolshevik model.

But when it comes to the Soviet Union, how many Americans have heard of the assassination of Sergei Kirov? How many know the name of the dread Yezhov, onetime grand master of the NKVD, who sent many more people to their deaths than Himmler, and in



'CAIN, WHERE IS THY BROTHER ABEL...' BY ARTHUR SZYK (1939)

less time? This with the additional idiosyncrasy that, whereas Himmler, quite hideously, was murdering mostly people he considered subhuman or members of a slave race, Yezhov, perversely as well as hideously, was killing the very "workers and peasants" in whose name Stalin ruled. Yagoda, Yezhov's predecessor and another highly eminent mass murderer, is no better known. Much honor is paid to Solzhenitsyn, but how many remember the names of the Gulag's great camps, Vorkuta, Karaganda, Dalstroi, Magadan, Norilsk, Bamlag, Solovki, where many more millions died than in the Nazis' camps? It is one of the curiosities of history that our Cold War anti-Soviet propaganda—with so little "seeing is believing" evidence to support it, the USSR, unlike Germany, never having been conquered—did not really take hold in any durable way, and in the 1960s and 1970s even backfired.

In Antonov's last chapter he announces with bitter irony, after all these years of debate as to what stage the Soviet Union has reached in its development, that the longed-for Communism has at last arrived! "The main proof of communism," he writes,

is that we have stopped shooting trouble-makers. Now they are carefully placed in jails and provided for. Even members of the Central Committee are no longer shot. . . . I am extraordinarily happy to have lived to see the era of communism.

ONE OF THE MOST compelling sections of Antonov-Ovseyenko's book, beyond the tales of Stalin's murder of Maxim Gorky and of Krupskaya, Lenin's widow (now considered almost certain), is the account of the absolutely central drama of Khrushchev and de-Stalinization. Antonov conscientiously records Khrushchev's dark past as Stalin's hatchet man in the Ukraine and favored protégé of Kaganovich, one of Stalin's leading henchmen. But once de-Stalinization began, Antonov tells us, Khrushchev—and the risks were high—threw his whole weight behind it. He was supported by Mikoyan, then Zhukov, brought back from exile, but it was touch and go all the way. The Stalinist *apparatus* fought back, repeatedly trying to oust him, and in 1964 finally succeeded. One might think that Khrushchev, more responsible than any man for ending the Terror and for releasing millions from the Gulag, would be remembered as a savior of the Soviet people.

But his body lies, without honor, in a minor Moscow cemetery, while Stalin and his "hangmen" (as Antonov calls them) lie beneath the Kremlin wall—which tells you something about the Soviet Union today.

No one would think of comparing the USSR of the present time with that of Stalin's Terror, but the Old Stalinists are in the saddle, and both Medvedev and Antonov-Ovseyenko agree that the country has been appreciably re-Stalinized, and fear (I merely report their statements) that worse might be coming. In 1978 Stanislav Kunyaev, secretary of the Moscow branch of the Soviet Writers' Union and known for his magnificent dramatic poem *Jews in the Pentagon*, spoke in praise of the Stalin era as a period of the greatest flourishing of Soviet literature. Pictures and busts of Stalin are popping up everywhere, on Pushkin Square, at the Kremlin Wall, sometimes right beside those of the October Bolshevik leaders he murdered. Anti-Stalinists of the Khrushchev period have suffered for their rashness. Antonov-Ovseyenko takes a very somber view of all this, saying in the very last paragraph of his book, "The one they are conjuring will come. And he'll come with a vengeance."

A MAJOR undertaking of Khrushchev, at the beginning of his period in power, was the commissioning of a massive investigation into the crimes of Stalin. The findings were so horrifying that, in something of a panic, the investigation was canceled and its partial results never published. The fear, of course, was that they would discredit not only Stalin, but the entire Soviet system. But some of the members of the investigating committee, Khrushchev men, have evidently spoken to Antonov-Ovseyenko. If there is anything heartening to be salvaged from these tales of terror and mass murder, it is that George Orwell's nightmare vision of lobotomized "proles," deprived of memory, mindlessly believing each new version of instant history imposed by Big Brother, has not been realized. Somehow, it seems, the people remember. By 1957, Soviet citizens, members of the most controlled society in European history, had been saturated for twenty-three years with the story that Kirov had been assassinated by a "Trotskyite terrorist." But when several members of Khrushchev's investigating committee, newly arrived in Leningrad,

**Ronald Reagan's
response to his critics is
"What's the alternative?"**

**Here's the answer,
Mr. President!**

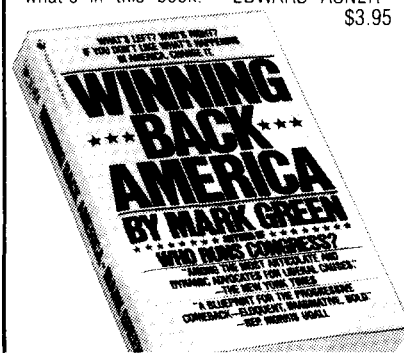
WINNING BACK AMERICA

By Mark Green

author of Who Runs Congress?

"Full of fresh ideas and positive proposals for moving our country forward, rather than left or right."—SENATOR GARY HART. "A stark and uncompromising look at the state of our country today. Every U.S. citizen should know what's in this book."—EDWARD ASNER

\$3.95



Help stop the madness!

FREEZE!

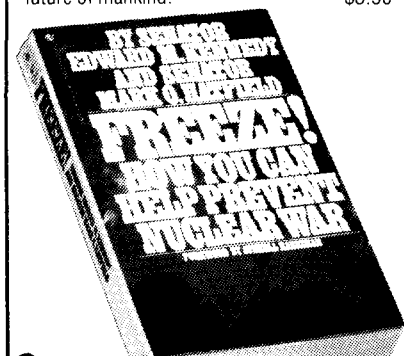
**HOW YOU CAN HELP
PREVENT NUCLEAR WAR**

**By Senator Edward M. Kennedy
and Senator Mark O. Hatfield**

Foreword by Averell Harriman

How can you help prevent nuclear war? What can you do to let your voice be heard; to be a part of the freeze network? Senators Kennedy and Hatfield have now drafted a bi-partisan resolution sponsored by 170 Senators and Representatives to force the U.S. government to initiate disarmament talks with the Soviet Union. In this stirring manual, they show how you can be a part of the movement to save the future of mankind.

\$3.50



Bantam.

Wherever paperbacks
are sold

BANTAM BOOKS, INC., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10103

merely asked their driver to stop by the warehouse wall where Kirov's chief bodyguard had his skull crushed by an iron bar (a story theoretically known only within the innermost circles of the KGB), the driver smiled knowingly. "That means you're from that Politburo committee. You're supposed to be investigating the Kirov murder. Hey, what's there to investigate? The whole of Leningrad knows Stalin killed Kirov." And, indeed, Antonov-Ovseyenko tells us, when all the organs of the Soviet state were booming out incessant bulletins about Trotskyite terrorists, Leningrad workers were cautiously singing the following ditty:

Hey, fresh tomatoes.
Want a cucumber?
Stalin killed Kirov.
Got him in the corridor.

Of the Smolny Institute. From my own small experience, a Russian once told me in Moscow that he remembered from his days at Moscow University—Trotsky having been a nonperson in the Soviet Union for over forty years—a professor reading the roll of students and coming to the name "Bronstein." "Hmm," he said right out, "a historic name," before passing on. Bronstein, of course, was Trotsky's real name.

THE MOST fundamental of the questions Antonov-Ovseyenko deals with (as always when considering Stalin) is whether Stalinism was an aberration of a potentially idyllic Soviet system, or whether it grew from the vices inherent in that system, from its concept of the limitless power of the state. The dissident and Communist reformer Roy Medvedev clings by his fingernails to a form of the "aberration" theory, although, as aberrations go, he accords Stalinism an amazingly long life and resiliency, fearing it might come raging out again at any moment at full voracity.

Antonov-Ovseyenko will have none of this "aberration" glup. He writes: "Terror as a means of building socialism originated in the lawlessness that prevailed even while Lenin was alive. It grew out of the system of one-party dictatorship." And again:

Lenin's doctrine of the dictatorship of the proletariat contributed to the usurpation of power by a dictator more than anything else. . . . The dictatorship was born with an organic defect.

As for "accidents," Antonov feels that the surprise was not the coming of Stalin, but the coming of Khrushchev. He writes:

Khrushchev's coming to power and his attempt to expose Stalin and exonerate his victims were historical accidents. As was the failure of Beria. The Stalin terror need not have ended with the death of Stalin. If circumstances had worked out differently, Beria might have seized power and carried out a new bloodbath. There was a power struggle within the tiny circle of Stalin's stooges, and the outcome of such palace intrigues is hard to predict. The laws of history do not extend to wrangles among thieves.

A man who writes like this is no friend of the Soviet system. (Antonov even adds: "Stalin left a legacy of gangsterism as a method of state policy. Thus far his successors have continued to employ this instrument within the country, no matter what. And in relations with other countries.")

After all, Lenin himself, in defining the "dictatorship of the proletariat," wrote:

The scientific term 'dictatorship' means nothing more nor less than authority untrammelled by any laws, absolutely unrestricted by any rules whatever, and based directly on violence. The term 'dictatorship' has no other meaning but this [Lenin's emphasis]—mark this well. . . .

Wielding such concepts as the threat of

"general extermination" of all adversaries, Lenin believed that there should be no institutional checks whatever on the power of his state, and the reader may well wonder, with an eye to the evidence, if such a state might not be permanently prone to the worst forms of tyranny. Moreover, there have been other states now besides the Soviet Union to have been inspired by these principles. China, for one—beyond the reach of Moscow—has also caused the death of millions through vast measures of coercion carried out in a spirit of righteous certitude. And it is beginning to look as if Malthus, that notorious optimist, missed the Fourth Rider of the Apocalypse, to be added to his famous three: war, famine, and pestilence. The Fourth Rider is: state power. For, counting the dead by the tens of millions, it would appear that, in the twentieth century, more human beings have perished at the hands of their own rulers—particularly those resolved to transform mankind—than have died fighting in all our wars. It is an awesome fact, worth storing in the memory of the race.

RICHARD GRENIER

Richard Grenier is a novelist and foreign correspondent who has reported from Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

THE SECRET MODERNIST

The Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 610 pp., \$20)

Back and forth the Critic paced. He reminded himself of a typewriter carriage, propelled by some outside force. A demon, perhaps. It was well known that there were still such things in the world, unseen creatures who put soot in the eye, placed pebbles in the shoe, and gave books by Isaac Bashevis Singer to reviewers.

In Lublin the Jews used to sum up partnerships with a proverb: "One chops wood; the other does the grunting." This was what the Critic thought his relation had become with Singer. The Nobel laureate had done the work.

All that was left was the noise. What remained to be said? Everybody knew these *Collected Stories*. They had become part of the literary tradition. Pakistani professors knew the people of Singer's work. Nuns wrote papers about them. Readers had long since watched the author grow from an obscure, pale, bald genius with eyes the color of the Israeli flag to a famous, pale, bald genius with eyes the color of the Israeli flag. He had been translated by Saul Bellow. He had been on Dick Cavett, arguing repeal of the Third Commandment. He was in Bartlett's. An accident of birth had sand-

wicked him between S. J. Perelman and B. F. Skinner. Interestingly enough, not one of the fifteen quotes was from his stories. They were all from interviews: "Sometimes love is stronger than a man's convictions." "Doubt is a part of all religion."

No doubt about it, the old man gave a good interview. And yet his tales were what everyone remembered: the deceptively simple narrative, the sudden acceleration at the end, the revelation in the final paragraph. The dwellers of Poland and upper Broadway had become as familiar as the cast of Yoknapatawpha County or Bullet Park. In fact, Singer's exotic Jewry bore a strange relation to John Cheever's gentile commuters. After Cheever's *Collected Stories* became an unexpected best seller, publishers concluded that the short story was not dead, only dried up like a plant in need of good weather. With a little packaging and warmth, it was decided, one might sell quantities. Out came the gatherings of Paul Bowles, Elizabeth Bowen, Eudora Welty, Frank O'Connor, Elizabeth Spencer.

AND NOW Singer. Of all of them, he appeared to be the most resolutely anachronistic. He seemed the last tale teller, the saved remnant of Eastern Europe. It was an image created and carefully nurtured by the author until it grew to maturity. Singer never issued scholarly critiques, never reviewed anyone else. He confided only about his diet: "I don't eat meat. Not for the health of my arteries, for the health of the chicken's arteries." He refused to discuss his work. He was, after all, only a simple spinner of yarns, aware that, "unlike the novel, the story . . . must aim directly at its climax . . . the writer should not even dabble in psychology and its various isms."

Almost everyone took the old man at face value. Very few noticed that the face was a mask, as contrived as the clothes of Jack Kohn in *A Friend of Kafka*: "a monocle in his left eye, a high old fashioned collar (known as 'father-murderer'), patent leather shoes and a derby." Perhaps Singer had to build his disguise before he could create his people, citizens of a vanished epoch, a ruined city, a nether world. In one tale, *The Destruction of Kreshev*, the narrator is Satan himself: "God . . . dozes among the clouds. The Almighty is old; it is no easy task to live forever." The humans of all the early stories live in places like

Frambol, Yanev, Bilgoray, towns known only for their obscurity. Even when Singer places his characters in contemporary New York, they argue about bygone politics: "'Long live Comrade Stalin! Blessed be his hands.' 'What about the Moscow Trials? The millions of workers and peasants Stalin exiled to Siberia?'" And in the most recent episodes, the past still intrudes like a dybbuk. In *The Cafeteria*, a survivor sees Hitler in Manhattan. "You had a vision," says the narrator. "An image from years ago remained present somewhere in the fourth dimension."

SO IT WAS no wonder that Singer's persona was accepted. After all, what had these *shtetl* refugees to do with the Freudian arsenal? With existentialism and angst, with close textual analysis, with ideology and revisionism and ambiguity, with any of the literary paraphernalia that had bloomed and withered in the seventy-eight years Singer had spent on earth?

Nothing, the author would say. In the introduction to these stories he insists, "At its best art can be nothing more than a means of forgetting the human disaster for a while." Translation: "Pardon this costume. Remember I'm only an entertainer." But is he? The Critic suddenly felt a strong kinship with Dr. Fischelson, the *Spinoza of Market Street*: "The truth was that the more [he] studied, the more puzzling sentences, unclear passages and cryptic remarks he found. Each sentence contained hints unfathomed by any of the students. . . ." The Critic was not alone. In a story called *Envy*, Cynthia Ozick introduced a successful Yiddish writer, Yankel Ostrover. When Singer was asked about the story he replied, "I never read it. I understand it maligns me." Maybe; maybe. Certainly Ostrover could be mistaken for Singer. Certainly he is the coveted heavy of the tale. Even so, an astute woman defends him: "He knows a reality beyond realism. . . . No little love stories. A contemporary. He speaks for everybody." And Irving Howe noted long ago that "unlike many of the Yiddish writers who treat more familiar and up-to-date subjects, Singer commands a distinctly 'modern' sensibility."

That sensibility is mixed. From the start, more than half a century ago, it was tintured with interests in ebbing beliefs, in a decayed culture, in a dying language, in the beguiling and useful

"The best account yet written of her life through FDR's death in 1945..."

combining scholarship, a sense of period, and shrewd insight."
—Alden Whitman, *Boston Globe*.

LOVE, ELEANOR

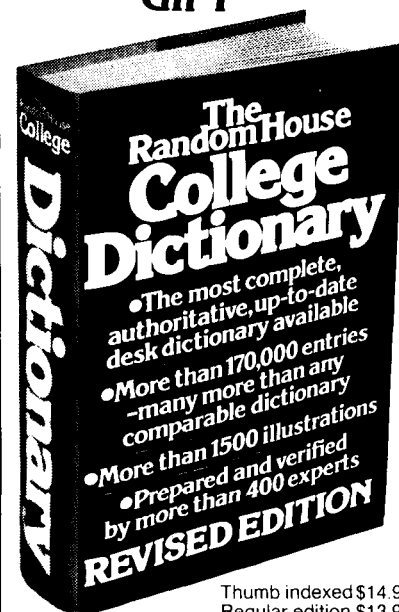
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
AND HER FRIENDS
JOSEPH
P LASH



By the author of
Eleanor and Franklin.
At all booksellers now.

DOUBLEDAY

THE
Smart
GIFT



Thumb indexed \$14.95
Regular edition \$13.95
Deluxe edition \$15.95

Now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE
Publishers of The Random House Dictionary
of the English Language, Unabridged Edition

**Announcing a new work
in four volumes**

Theoretical Logic in Sociology

Jeffrey C. Alexander

"There can be no question that Alexander's book is both brilliant and original."

—Seymour Martin Lipset

"Promises to be the most significant contribution not only to the history of sociological theory, but also the substantive study of key theoretical problems in sociology, to be published in the current decade. . . . The man reads and writes with enormous sophistication, lucidity, and theoretical penetration."

—Lewis A. Coser

Volume 1. Positivism, Presuppositions, and Current Controversies

\$25.00 at bookstores

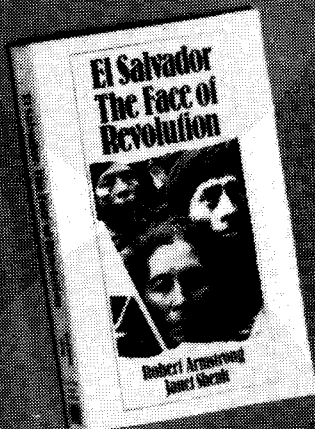
**University of
California Press**
Berkeley 94720

**"Required reading for
everyone who wants to
know the real causes of the
political hurricane sweeping
Central America."**

Penny Lernoux, *Cry of the People*

**"A vivid and comprehensive
account of El Salvador's
history and present-day
drama. Everyone should
read it!"**

Gabriel Garcia Marquez
One Hundred Years of Solitude



\$7.50 pbk at your bookstore or
South End Press, 302 Columbus Ave.,
Boston, MA 02116

devices of psychic research and spiritualism. It also contained a knowledge of literature that Singer was careful, until now, to conceal. With the publication of these forty-seven stories the act will be difficult to continue, even with the author's familiar mirrors and trick lighting.

Readers nostalgic for the pre-Nobel Singer of *Gimpel the Fool* ("I had seven names in all: imbecile, donkey, flax-head, dope, glump, ninny and fool. The last name stuck") should read the beginnings of these enchantments. There Singer has his way, sometimes narrating in the offhand manner of raconteurs like Maugham or Maupassant: "Even though I have reached the point where a great part of my earnings are given away in taxes, I still have the habit of eating in cafeterias. . . ." On other occasions, he becomes the soul of the nether world, thereby ridding himself of the troubles of motivation: "I, a demon, [have] come here from Lublin. Tishevitz is a godforsaken village; Adam didn't even stop to pee there."

But those with a more analytic bent should step back a bit to watch the master marionetteer working the figures below. To do this, they will have to pay attention not to the openings but to the finales, where they can detect influences as disparate as William Blake,

Simone Weil, and, yes, the Sigmund Freud of "Civilization and its Discontents":

If people did not have to work for their bread, everyone would spend his time mourning his own death and life would be one big funeral.

Everything can be a passion, even serving God.

The living die so that the dead may live.

Evil is nothing but a coil of madness.

No doubt the world is an imaginary world, but it is only once removed from the real world.

It was ironic, the Critic knew, that Isaac Bashevis Singer should reveal himself only at these conclusions. But it was also fitting. "Life," wrote Kierkegaard, a writer whom Singer knew only too well, "must be lived forwards, but it can only be understood backwards." And not only life; the true reader will best understand these wonderful works examining them from right to left—like the Yiddish in which they were originally composed.

STEFAN KANFER

Stefan Kanfer is a senior editor at *Time*. His latest novel is *Fear Itself* (Putnam's).

THE TOILERS FIND A VOICE

**The Class Struggle in the Ancient Greek World
by G. E. M. de Ste. Croix**

(Cornell University Press, 732 pp. \$49.50)

"Jesus knows all about the class struggle"—the words are those of an irreverent ballad sung by British hunger-marchers of the 1930s—" 'E was there when it first begun. . . ." Geoffrey de Ste. Croix has some interesting things to say about Jesus and the class struggle but he traces the theme much farther back—to Hesiod and archaic Greece of the eighth century B.C.—and forward—to the Arab conquest of what had been the eastern provinces of the Byzantine empire in the seventh century A.D. An ambitious project, to say the least, and the size of the book is in proportion: 503 octavo pages of text; 33

(in smaller type) of appendices; 123 (in still smaller type) of notes; and 70 of bibliography and indexes—some half a million words. To make clear on which side of the class struggle the author's sympathies lie, a frontispiece reproduces, in the authentic gloomy colors, Van Gogh's *Potato Eaters*; they represent

the voiceless toilers, the great majority—let us not forget it—of the population of the Greek and Roman world, upon whom was built a great civilization which despised them and did all it could to forget them.

As the title suggests, this is an avow-

edly Marxist book and its author is at some pains to make clear what he means by the terms of Marxist analysis, particularly the words "class" and "struggle"; the first 275 pages, in fact, are devoted to "conceptual and methodological problems." True to type, Ste. Croix spends quite some time dealing roundly with other would-be, pseudo-, or mistaken Marxists who have written on the ancient world before he tackles the problems himself. That there are real problems is clear from the fact, unknown to the countless readers who have quit long before they got there, that the fifty-second chapter of volume three of *Das Kapital*, entitled "Classes," breaks off after scarcely more than a page, leaving the world with no authoritative definition of that crucial category. A definition has to be abstracted from scattered passages in the sacred writings; unfortunately, they seem to mean different things to different readers. In any case, as Ste. Croix himself points out, even Marx and Engels sometimes confuse "class" with "status," the Weberian concept which is currently fashionable in non-Marxist analyses of Roman imperial society.

STE. CROIX'S definition of class and class struggle turns on the concept of exploitation, "the appropriation of part of the product of the labor of others." A "class" is "a group of persons . . . defined above all according to their relationship (primarily in terms of the degree of ownership or control) to the conditions of production." In a class society "one or more of the smaller classes, in virtue of their control over the conditions of production . . . will be able to exploit . . . the larger classes. . . ." He uses the "expression *class struggle* for the fundamental relationship between classes . . . involving essentially exploitation, or resistance to it." This class struggle, however, turns out in the event to be a very peculiar form of "struggle"; Ste. Croix applies the term to "situations in which there may be no explicit common awareness of class on either side, no specific political struggle at all, and perhaps even little consciousness of struggle of any kind." Such a definition of "struggle" would seem to belong to the realm of metaphysics rather than economics, but it is certainly an ingenious way to deal with the major difficulty facing Marxist historians of ancient society. That difficulty is, briefly, that the political struggles of the

ancient world, democrat versus oligarch in Greece, patrician versus plebeian in early, and *nobiles* versus *populares* in late, Republican Rome, were clearly not class struggles at all, since both sides belonged essentially to the same class, one united in its dependence on and repression of the slave population which did the heavy work of the society.

Ste. Croix admits that his use of the term "class struggle" "is not a very happy one for such situations" but insists on it nonetheless; the alternative would lead, he says, to a contradiction of the opening sentence of the *Communist Manifesto* and its full development "would make nonsense not merely of the *Communist Manifesto* but of the greater part of Marx's work." That of course is an argument which will have more force in some quarters than in others.

With his ideological and methodological foundations thus firmly laid, Ste. Croix proceeds to Part Two, which consists of four chapters; they deal in turn with (1) the class struggle in Greek history on the political plane, (2) "Rome the Suzerain," (3) the class struggle on

the ideological plane, and lastly (4) "the 'decline and fall': an explanation." The chapter on Roman history is of course dictated by the fact that the Greek-speaking Near East became, in the second century B.C., part of the Roman Empire.

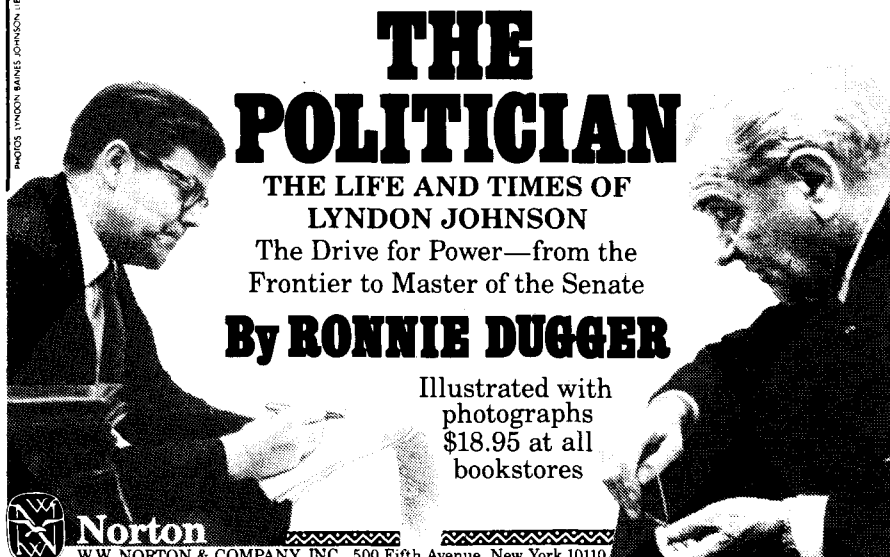
Early Greek history gets very little attention (five-and-a-half pages from Hesoid to Pisistratus); there is in any case very little evidence. The great age of Athenian democracy (fourth and fifth centuries B.C.) is discussed at more generous length and also, unlike all the other regimes discussed in this book, with a large measure of approval, since "democracy played a vital part in the class struggle by mitigating the exploitation of poorer citizens by the richer ones. . . ." However, it is hard to see why Athenian democracy gets such very high marks for its performance in the class struggle, since "it was only adult male citizens of a small *polis* who could indulge effectively in class struggle on the political plane" and since only citizens could own land ("the most important means of production") and could therefore "be considered a dis-

"Ronnie Dugger has written the best book yet on Lyndon Johnson and his time. A grand accomplishment."

—LARRY L. KING

"Reading [*The Politician*] is like being locked in a room alone with Lyndon Johnson. . . . Like an old Texas Ranger, Dugger has diligently pursued and brought back his man, not a mama's boy, not a robber baron, but a towering western anti-hero." —AARON LATHAM, front page, *New York Times Book Review*. "A massive enterprise from a man best situated to see it all. And it's all here." —JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

PHOTOS: LYNDON BAINES JOHNSON LIBRARY



THE POLITICIAN
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
LYNDON JOHNSON
The Drive for Power—from the
Frontier to Master of the Senate
By RONNIE DUGGER
Illustrated with
photographs
\$18.95 at all
bookstores
Norton
W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10110

tinct class of landowners," and since furthermore both rich and poor "exploited" not only their slaves (more than 20,000 deserted to the enemy in the last years of the Peloponnesian War) but also the subject "allies" of the Athenian empire. Perhaps it is because after the extinction of Athenian democracy by Macedonian and later by Roman rulers (completed, no doubt, with the active collaboration of the Athenian upper classes, as Ste. Croix insists), there is no break in the monotonous record of oligarchic and autocratic rule.

In the history of Rome—which in the second century B.C. established domination over the Greek east that outlasted by centuries the fall of Rome itself to the Germanic "barbarians"—there is not much evidence for class struggle on a political level. The best Ste. Croix can do is to equip the earliest of the *populares*, the Gracchi (but not their later leaders Marius and Julius Caesar), with somewhat hesitant credentials: they

served, *faute de mieux* and sometimes against their will, as leaders of what was in a very real sense a political class struggle: a blind, spasmodic, uninformed often misdirected and always easily confused movement. . . .

The strengths of this chapter are the closely argued case that the transition from republic to principate was in no sense a "revolution" and the analysis of the ways in which "imperial rule contributed to maintain a massive system of exploitation of the great majority by the upper classes." Here, too, as in the rest of the notes, the wealth, variety, and in many cases the novelty of the material cited in support of the arguments make the book indispensable even for those who remain unconvinced by its main theses.

To such readers, the last two chapters will seem most rewarding. The evidence for class struggle on the ideologi-

cal plane is of course one-sided; but Ste. Croix's selection from the "psychological propaganda" of the "dominant classes" is brilliantly chosen. Its prize exhibit is a really repulsive piece of class snobbery from Plato's *Republic* [VI, 495c], which compares "some poor creature who has proved his cleverness in some mechanical craft" and who presumes to study philosophy to a

bald-headed little tinker, who, having come into some money, has just got out of prison, had a good wash at the baths and dressed himself up as a bridegroom, ready to marry his master's daughter. . . .

Slavery was justified by the theory of "natural slavery," a concept elaborated by Aristotle. Unfortunately the Christian church, which in the later centuries of the empire became the dominant and finally the exclusive religious organization, took no stand against this fundamental institution of the ancient economy. "Whatever the theologian may think of Christianity's claim to set free the soul of the slave . . . the historian cannot deny that it helped to rivet the shackles rather more firmly on his feet"—a harsh judgment but backed by the evidence. Ste. Croix adds that he knows of no "general outright condemnation of slavery, inspired by a Christian outlook, before the petition of the Mennonites of Germantown in Pennsylvania in 1668. . . ."

THOUGH Jesus himself "accepted slavery as a fact of his environment," his attitude toward property—"Go thy way, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor"—was one which no functioning and governing institution of the Roman society (which is what the Christian church became) could possibly accept. But Jesus, as Ste. Croix sees him, was not a denizen of the Greco-Roman world at all. He lived and preached in the *chora*, that countryside which lived its life of agricultural toil and spoke its ancestral language; it was unaffected by the Greek culture of the cities, with their theaters, gymnasia, and stoas, which had been founded in the wake of Alexander's conquests and which lived on the produce and labor of the workers in the fields. When St. Paul, a Greek-speaker and a Roman citizen, carried the message of Jesus to those cities, to Caesarea, Antioch, Philippi, Thessalonica, Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, and finally to Rome, there took place "the transfer of a whole system of

ideas from the world of the *chora* to the world of the *polis*." The early Christian attitude to property ownership developed into something very different from Jesus's opinions on that subject, which were, Ste. Croix is "tempted to say . . . nearer to those of Bertolt Brecht than to those held by some of the Fathers of the Church and by some Christians today."

THIS OPPOSITION of *polis* and *chora* is fundamental to the argument of the last chapter, in which Ste. Croix ambitiously claims to "explain and not merely describe . . . the disintegration of large portions of the Roman empire." He has already discussed, with a wealth of detail, the "change in the form of exploitation . . . which came over the Greco-Roman world during the first three centuries of the Christian era," a process by which

the whole of the working agricultural population throughout the Roman empire, inscribed in the tax registers, were tied to the land on a hereditary basis and thus entered into serfdom.

This characterization of the "colonate" as "serfdom" is controversial, but his discussion, based on expert knowledge of the sources and the modern bibliography and conducted with his customary combination of firmness and modesty—"if I have analysed it correctly (and I am not quite certain of this)"—carries conviction. He sees the causes of the Roman collapse in the resulting concentration of economic and political power in the hands of the few, the increased rate of exploitation of an "unfree labor," and the consequent indifference of the exploited classes to the fate of the empire, which needed for its defense against growing pressure from outside "large numbers of recruits willing to fight to the death in defense of their way of life (as the free Greeks and early Romans had been)." The empire fell not because, in Gibbon's magnificent phrase, "the stupendous fabric yielded to the pressure of its own weight" but because the

Roman political system . . . facilitated a most intense and ultimately destructive economic exploitation of the great mass of the people . . . and it made radical reform impossible. . . . The propertied classes . . . who had deliberately created this system for their own benefit, drained the life blood from their world and thus destroyed Greco-Roman civilization over a large part of the empire.

"INFLATION DROPPED to a negative rate for the first time in more than a quarter of a century, the best news for the poor and the elderly on fixed incomes in the same period. Unfortunately, the news media were too concerned about the disasters for the poor and the elderly under Reagan-omics to notice."

For a free copy of the current issue of *National Review*, write to Dept. R-9, 150 East 35 Street, New York, New York 10016.

This explanation of "Gibbon's problem" must await the detailed critique and judgment of experts; only first reactions can be recorded here. The reference to the "free Greeks and the early Romans" recalls the fact that the kind of free peasantry on which those citizen armies were based had vanished long before the military crisis of the empire in the third century A.D.; already in the fourth century B.C. democratic Athens relied on mercenaries to do much of its fighting, and the free Roman peasantry which had fought the Republic's wars in Italy did not survive the Punic Wars. Yet Roman armies had held and even extended the frontiers for centuries. And, in any case, Ste. Croix's term, "disintegration of the Roman empire," is valid only for the West; the Greek east (his main concern, as his title indicates) maintained the Roman empire, in one form or another, until the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in the fifteenth century.

Whatever the verdict of the professionals turns out to be, this book is a landmark in the field of ancient history. The notes are a vast storehouse of new materials, of fresh evaluation of passages already well known and of valuable references to modern literature in

many disciplines. The ancient historian who fails to consult it will do so at his peril; his work has been made easy for him, for the book concludes with a really admirable analytical index.

One last word. I do not know the author personally but this book makes a personal impression. It is the voice of a man wholly dedicated to the truth as he sees it, but fairminded in his treatment of opponents and honest in his admission of difficulties, of a man utterly sincere in his sympathy for those "voiceless toilers" his reproduction of the Van Gogh painting brings to our attention. It is the voice, too, of a man concerned with our own world; not that this is an obtrusive note—specific modern parallels are rarely cited—but it is there all the same. This long and depressing analysis of the decay and collapse of a great civilization says implicitly what Gibbon felt the need to say outright: "This awful revolution may be usefully applied to the instruction of the present age."

BERNARD KNOX

Bernard Knox is director of Harvard's Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington, D.C.

MYSTERIES OF THE CREATIVE MIND

Stuff of Sleep and Dreams: Experiments in Literary Psychology by Leon Edel

(Harper & Row, 343 pp., \$20)

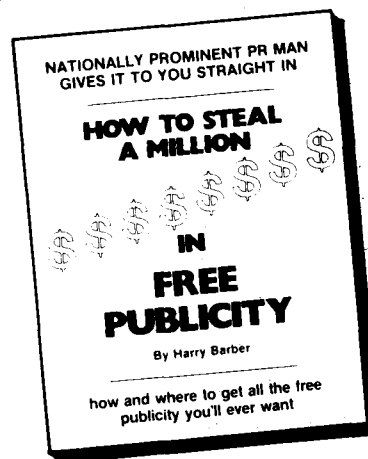
"To read between the lines of the best literature," Leon Edel wrote in his *Literary Biography* in 1959,

can indeed be one of the most absorbing pursuits in the world: to catch the flickering vision behind the metaphor, to touch the very pulse of the hand that holds the pen. The critic reads to expound and expatiate on the words that issued from the pen: the biographer does this always to discover the particular mind and body that drove the pen in the creative act.

Only one volume into his five-volume life of Henry James when he wrote those lines, Leon Edel has not wavered in his devotion to the art of literary

biography since. He too has earned the rank of "master" which he bestowed on James—not, however, master of a well-born and bred literary form but instead, as Edel is the first to acknowledge, of "a kind of stepchild of literature."

In the foreword to the 1973 reissue of *Literary Biography*, Edel expressed the hope of someday expanding that brief guide to his art into a "full-fledged study." He hasn't yet done that, but instead has collected, revised, and amplified essays written over three decades devoted to the subject of "literary psychology." In a prefatory "mini-lexicon," Edel offers a general definition of



This remarkable book shows you...

- How to professionally prepare news releases and articles so they will be accepted by the media.
- How to develop your mailing lists.
- How to work with the news media.
- How to measure the effectiveness of your publicity
- Dozens of ways to secure additional publicity at nominal cost.
- Over 600 outlets for free publicity and reference to thousands of additional sources.

In this comprehensive publicity guide, Harry Barber eliminates the mystique of "free publicity"—shows you in detailed, step-by-step procedures, how and where to get it—all the free publicity you'll ever want for yourself or your organization.

How To Steal A Million \$ In Free Publicity is the ideal reference guide for business owners, corporate executives, political groups, non-profit organizations, and individuals in all walks of life.

About the author—

Nationally prominent advertising and public relations executive, Harry Barber, gives it to you straight in his latest book.

The author has developed hundreds of publicity campaigns in conjunction with screen and television personalities, US Astronauts, USAC Racing, major corporations, and private individuals.

Only \$14.95 postpaid
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

**Success Sellers
Publishers & Booksellers
P.O. Box 16801
Irvine, CA 92713**

Please rush me a copy of Harry Barber's book, *HOW TO STEAL A MILLION \$ IN FREE PUBLICITY*. I enclose \$14.95.

Name _____ NR-3
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

this enterprise, which he argues is the key for literary biographers, as well as a neglected tool for all literary critics.

Literary Psychology: The adaptation of psychology and psychoanalytic concepts to the study of mankind's ability to create and use myths and symbols, in essence a study—without therapeutic purpose—of what literature *expresses* of the human being who creates it.

Although Freud himself emphasized the affinity between psychoanalysis and literature, he was circumspect about the uses of his "scientific method" on literature. Psychoanalytic insight can help illuminate the inner meanings and ambiguities of literary texts and characterize the temperament of the artist as a man. However, it can neither account for the source of artistic genius, he cautioned, nor explain artistic technique. Edel too is tantalized by and yet tentative about psychological explorations on "the terrain of man's imaginative creations." "We can detect deeper intentions and meanings, valuable both to the biographer and the critic," he writes.

We thus become tentative geographers of the mysterious psyche, where fancy is bred. What an enormously difficult task this can prove! Yet how fascinating, mysterious, and challenging.

Edel rises to the challenge, avoiding the jargon-ridden and reductive tendencies of less gifted psychological critics, who all too often set about diagnosing an artist's neurosis and scrutinizing his creation as a mere symptom of it.

EDEL IS curious above all about the ways and wiles of writers' inner lives—less about the structure and texture of their writings. The essays with a clear biographical focus are his most successful. In one, he wonders why Thoreau really went to Walden Pond, skeptical of Thoreau's own claims of heroic self-sufficiency; peering behind the noble self-portrait, Edel finds a different and more problematic man, self-absorbed and insecure. In "Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man," seventy-five-year-old Edel movingly blends personal reflection and literary analysis as he describes how the gray years gathered for three masters, Tolstoy, James, and Yeats.

He is somewhat less successful when he tries to keep texts, rather than lives, in the foreground. Edel's essay on Willa Cather's *The Professor's House* is an at-

tempt to explain the novel's disjunctive structure and tone by trying out a succession of different readings of it, culminating with his own mix of literary psychology and biography which he feels holds the key. His insights, however, don't really tell us more about the text than the other readings already have shown; Edel, almost in spite of himself, instead succeeds in adding more to our sense of Cather's soul.

Edel is perhaps least illuminating when he tries to establish causal links between lives and writings—as he sets out to do in "Tristimania: The Madness of Art." Despite claims that he is leaving "genesis and diagnosis to others," in obedience to Freud's warning that psychoanalysis can "do nothing toward elucidating the nature of the artistic gift" (a warning Lionel Trilling amplified in his essay, "Art and Neurosis"), Edel in fact proceeds to disregard that counsel. The literary sleuth strains to do more than simply observe the ways in which melancholy (or "tristimania," as he calls it) so often accompanies and finds expression in artistic creativity; Edel wants to probe deeper, to suggest that such sadness is a source, "a generating motor" of that gift. He thus runs the risk of reducing artistic creativity to a kind of compensatory activity and the work of art to a benign neurotic symptom.

BUT EVEN when the causal connections Edel draws may seem questionable, his glimpses into writers' "mysterious psyches" are intriguing. So too are the glances into his own that he grants us along the way—revelations worth probing, as he himself suggested years back in *Literary Biography*. "I am sure that if someone were to attempt to study the psychology of biographers," Edel wrote, "he would discover that they are usually impelled by deeply personal reasons to the writing of a given life—reasons not always conducive to objectivity and truth." In Edel's case, however, the personal motives that lurk between the lines seem the kind conducive to objectivity and truth. The reminiscences that run through this carefully constructed collection—it begins with Edel's youthful journey to Vienna when his head was full of ideas and his heart untried and ends with his return to the familiar company of the James family—sketch the portrait of a man enthralled by the effort to fathom the human "heart" (the old-fashioned

term he likes) in experience and in art. "Out of the sadness and decrepitude of aging, Yeats and James, and those who believe in art, make a hymn to life," writes Edel, the believer in art, in the closing lines of "Portrait of the Artist as an Old Man." There he sums up the faith that has inspired his long career:

They acknowledge despair, they acknowledge their instincts and their feelings, and grow old without the rigidities of aging. Within the tattered coat upon the stick there is a radiance.

THERE IS, however, an incongruously dark section in the middle of this collection, when Edel turns to James Joyce. These essays, devoid of Edel's characteristic sympathy and insight, read like a bitter recantation of his earlier admiration for Joyce the man and the writer—not a note of the hymn about them. Edel begins the sequence of five pieces by registering disdain for his youthful adulation of Joyce as a "culture hero" and his subsequent role as "a kind of frontiersman in what has since come to be known as the 'Joyce industry' in the universities." Then he launches into a passionate psychological reappraisal of Joyce—once his hero, now apparently his patient, his victim.

It seems worth trying to read between the lines of this anomalous attack. "The essential story of Joyce's life has been given to us as that of an oppressed artist," Edel writes, as he prepares to give his own version. The author of that story is Richard Ellmann, who is arguably the only other literary biographer of an eminence comparable to Edel's—and Ellmann perhaps even has an edge, thanks to the greater prominence and popularity of his subject. It's hard not to wonder if there might be some darker personal reasons—not so "conducive to objectivity and truth"—impelling Edel to overturn both Ellmann's interpretation and Joyce's reputation. There is certainly more vehemence than fairness in his reappraisal. No doubt Joyce was a difficult man—all too often oppressive himself, not simply oppressed by others. But to say that "he had loyal, devoted friends, but was in reality a vampire," a "monster, furtive and cunning," is distortion—far from the usual Edelian delicacy. Likewise, Joyce certainly was a difficult, demanding writer. But to claim that "Joyce's creations are the more benign consequences of the symptoms and superstitions and the whole body of fetishes

and taboos by which he lived," is to commit the great sin of literary psychology: the facile dismissal of a writer's creation as a mere neurotic symptom.

But Edel is not content merely to label Joyce neurotic; he wants to identify the "pathological elements" in the man and in his art, and he finds much of his evidence in Joyce's letters, which have been collected and edited by Ellmann. The correspondence reveals signs of paranoia, fetishism, masochism, anality, as Ellmann and Edel and any reader of them would agree. But finding the perversities in the man, Edel seems driven to find them in his art as well, while Ellmann reminds us of the problematic relation between neurosis and art: "Before quartering Joyce into these categories and consigning him to their tyranny," Ellmann wisely suggests, "we must remember that he was capable, in his work, of ridiculing them all as Ciceronian beguilements, of turning them into vaudeville routines." Edel insists instead that "the flaws in his personality are the flaws in his art." But to endorse this dismal equation is to undermine the miracle that Edel has spent his life marveling over—the miracle that the radiance of art can shine forth from tattered coats.

ANN HULBERT

CORRESPONDENCE, from page 7

Richard Grenier replies:

I should have thought it fairly obvious that the subject of my article was not Poland, but Ms. Sontag, and I think it disingenuous of Mr. Brodsky to wrap himself in the Polish national colors in an egregious attempt to defend his "accomplice." I am as fierce a supporter of Polish freedom as he is likely to find—and a rather more reliable supporter than Ms. Sontag, who in her lunar way has made the adulation of Marxist tyrannies something of a vocation. As for the rest of Mr. Brodsky's argument, it is in turn misdirected, inaccurate, and incoherent. I will only observe that for a person preoccupied with the "philosophy of perception," Ms. Sontag has sounded deceptively like someone with pretensions to profound political insight.

Since Ms. Sontag's passionate contempt for American society is one of her flamboyant and abiding characteristics, Mr. Anders's portrait of her preaching the virtues of American life to the poor, benighted Poles is wondrous in the extreme. I fear, in fact, that Mr. Anders is subject to pious imaginings. I have been to Poland many more times than Ms. Sontag, at least, and have never yet found Poles who need instruction on the precious value of freedom. The bitter truth is that they understand freedom far better than Ms. Sontag. But the sad thing about Mr. Brodsky and Mr. Anders is that I am not quite certain they know what they are about in this debate. Now, they both might have personal reasons for wanting to oblige Ms. Sontag; it is perfectly clear from their letters, however, in addition to their lives, that both are fully aware of the advantages that our kind of society offers. I can only point out to them, therefore, that they are leaping to the defense of a person who, certainly in her writing, has never for one moment ceased to vilify the country to which they chose to come as a free act of will. Does this not cause them some disquiet? One must remember that, for Ms. Sontag, Hanoi and Havanas come and go. Her ecstatic states wax and wane. But on one issue her passion has never weakened or flagged in any way: her hatred for her own society. This society has made Ms. Sontag's whole career possible, has given her status, privilege, and, above all, freedom. Yet she feels she owes it no allegiance whatever, has never written a single word in its defense, while the tyrannies she has admired span the globe.

Ms. Sontag's hateful remarks about the malign Catholic influence on Solidarity (without Catholicism there might never have been a Solidarity) make it perfectly evident that she is no friend of freedom in Poland either. No, the only thing to which Ms. Sontag will pledge her allegiance is the perfect, socialist society, the Vietnam or Cuba of her dreams. Her latest discovery is North Korea, where she recently assured a Manhattan dinner party enthusiastically, "Socialism really works." Given Mr. Brodsky's and Mr. Anders's devotion to Ms. Sontag's high ideals, I am surprised to find the two of them thriving here in vile, scruffy, imperfect America—while out there beckons splendid North Korea, radiant with promise for all mankind.

TRB, from page 4

That result has just been repeated. The impasse remains.

The issues aren't negligible: the death penalty, crimes of obscenity, sexual offenses, severity of punishment. The American Civil Liberties Union criticized pretrial detention. Three Senate conservatives (Jesse Helms, James McClure, and Jeremiah Denton) mounted a filibuster. Again Kennedy passionately defended the bill, but Senator Joseph Biden shook his head. "We are pushing a rock up a hill," he said. "The House hasn't indicated willingness even to begin to consider the matter."

"Mr. President, I withdraw the motion to proceed to the consideration of the Criminal Code Reform Act of 1981," says Howard Baker, the majority leader.

"The motion is withdrawn," says the presiding officer. So ends a sixteen-year reform drive.

Washington is full of similar dead-ends, yet the country survives. One explanation is that no decision is ever final. Sooner or later the drive for a streamlined criminal code will revive again. It's so in diplomacy, too, where stakes are higher and risks greater. Carter and Brezhnev signed SALT II and it wasn't ratified. It seemed as dead as the Criminal Law Code. Carter withdrew SALT II. But now a Republican version, in effect, is presented by Reagan, though of course he will never agree that the endeavor resembles the Carter try. The process goes on. No door is ever finally closed in Washington.

PUT YOUR BELIEFS INTO ACTION....



Help fight racial segregation. Invest in a non-profit fund which finances affordable mortgages for minorities and whites making housing moves that foster racially diverse neighborhoods.

For facts, clip and mail to: NR-7

Morris Milgram
Fund for an OPEN Society
1901 East-West Highway, T-2
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Name: _____

Address: _____

Zip: _____

This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Investment Description—available only in states where these securities may be offered.

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Rates for Text Classified per insertion: 1 time, \$1.25 per word; 6 times, \$1.10 per word; 12 times, \$1 per word; 24 times, 90 cents per word; 36 times, 75 cents per word; 48 times, 65 cents per word. There is an additional charge of \$4.50 per insertion for a TNR Box number. Telephone numbers count as two words, abbreviations count as one word, zip codes are free. Rates for Display Classifieds per insertion: 1 time, \$38 per column inch; 6 times, \$34 per column inch; 12 times, \$30 per column inch; 24 times, \$27 per column inch; 36 times, \$23 per column inch; 48 times, \$19 per column inch. We accept *only* camera-ready copy for display classifieds. (Complete display advertising rate card will be sent on request.) Send your advertising copy along with check or money order, or Mastercard or Visa number and expiration date. Or call collect to place your order. Telephone orders must be charged to credit cards. We do not bill. Copy must be received 28 days before Monday issue date. All ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Write or call collect: Theresa Miller, Classified Advertising Department, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036; 202/331-7494.

Art

World-famous poster art! Affordable recreations... catalog \$1... refundable with order. Write: Posters, Box 573-NR1, Hicksville, NY 11802

Arts/Crafts

DRIED FLOWERS, WREATHS AND OTHER MATERIALS for making your own arrangements. Please send 50c for catalog. Ruth, 1931 Chalcedony Street, San Diego, CA 92109.

Origami Ornaments

Hand-folded from beautiful, imprinted Italian endpaper. Strung for hanging with matching notetag and envelope. A unique way to send a greeting or get-well wish. Specify butterfly, frog or flapping bird. \$1.75 each, three for \$4.50. Synaptic Conceptions, Box 14397, Cleveland, OH 44114.



Associations

TIRED OF SUBSIDIZING organized religion and their tax exemptions? Write for information to AMERICAN ATHEISTS, P.O. Box 2117, Austin, TX 78768

Astrology

Are you compatible? 31-point astrological analysis. Send \$5 and both birth dates. Pythagorean Society, Box 184R, Westerville, OH 43081

Autos for Sale

SURPLUS JEEPS \$65, CARS \$89, TRUCKS \$100. Similar bargains available. Call for your directory on how to purchase. (602) 998-0575, Ext 6807. Call refundable.

Books

NEW AGE BOOKS—Astrology, Metaphysics, Magick-Tarot Cards-Herbs-Candles-Oils-Ritual Accessories-Catalog \$1. Athene, 6851 Bird, Miami, FL 33155.

USED BOOKS. Music, Dance, Theater, Film. Lists, Box 8983, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

Current Britannicas at discount. Sam Silverman, Box 24, Newton, MA 02159.

BOOKS—antiques, crafts, health, etc., 250 titles. Catalog free. Bookcellars, Box 3838, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

EMERY'S BOOK AUCTIONS

Catalog 2 is now available, featuring Americana, children's, and early books. Bid by mail; all books are refundable. Subscription \$10 for 5 catalogs. Duston Rd., Contoocook, NH 03229.

BOOKS—Used and rare. FREE search service. Send wants to: James Books, Box 521C, Brookline, MA 02147.

Business Opportunities

INFLUENTIAL BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES! Professional personal/career development seminars & certifications; Consulting with PERFORMAX Profiles; Gemini cassettes & Distributorships & more. Request specific details: Barbara Schwartz, AWARENESS, 2425 S. Steele, Denver, CO 80210, (303) 756-9127.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

"ASNER—AN ACTOR WHO MAKES SENSE", "SOLIDARITY (Polish or English)", "BEWARE THE ACTOR (Reagan Graphic)", "Freeze Nuclear Weapons", "U.S. Out of El Salvador", "Let Them Eat Jellybeans", "Money For Jobs Not For War", "Politically Correct", "Question Authority", "I'm Pro-Choice and I Vote", "Take The Toys Away From The Boys—Disarm". Buttons: 2/\$1.00; 10/\$4.00; 50/\$15.00; 100/\$25.00. ELLEN INGBER, BOX 752-NR, VALLEY STREAM, NY 11582.

Clothing

Bullish on Braces?

That's right—big comeback to braces/suspenders! For dress/business; also today's casual living. Wear with slacks/sports jacket. Be bold/show them off! A Bernardo exclusive: initials or name engraved on brass hardware. Own wardrobe/gifts! Write for gratis presentation of Bernardo's extensive collection of smashing British braces/exciting American suspenders. **BERNARDO**
2400 Westheimer, # 108W (NR), Houston, TX 77098



PURE COMFORT

Pure cotton drawstring pants, tops, jackets and etceteras. Free catalogue and swatches.



deva a cottage industry
Box NRP/Burkittsville, MD 21718

Collectibles

HUMMEL COLLECTORS—Rare and unusual figurines for sale, large inventory in old marks. Send inquiries to: Eileen Grande, 12 Iroquois Drive, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866.

PRE-COLUMBIAN COLLECTIBLES

GODDESS OF THE NEW MOON: AT'ACTANI—one of many splendid Mayan rubbings/serigraphs! Full-color catalog \$2.00 (refundable first purchase).

BERNARDO
2400 Westheimer Road
Suite 108 West (NR)
Houston, Texas 77098



Colleges/Universities

NONRESIDENTIAL UNIVERSITY DEGREES Bachelors, Masters, Doctorates, for the accomplished individual. State-authorized, inexpensive, efficient. Richard L. Crews, M.D., President.

COLUMBIA PACIFIC UNIVERSITY
150 Shoreline, Suite 4404, Mill Valley, CA 94941. Call Toll Free USA: 800-277-1617, ext. 480. California Only: 800-772-3545, ext. 480.

Non-traditional Doctoral Program. Southeastern University, 5163 DeGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

Employment Opportunities

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE



Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment
DISCOVER WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WORLD—AND HOW TO GET IT NOW!

YES! Connect me to HOTLINE information on current international employment opportunities every month. Send me:

- ☐ (US) \$26.00 One year subscription
☐ (US) \$18.00 Six month subscription
☐ (US) \$13.50 Three month trial subscription
Enclosed \$ _____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Include (US) \$5.00 for subscriptions outside U.S. and Canada send with payment to: International Employment Hotline, 4216 West 12th St., Suite AA, Little Rock, AR 72204.

Great Escapes

RENT PRIVATE BEACH COTTAGES. Snorkeling, fishing, swimming from your front door. Bird watcher's paradise on working cocoa plantation. Brochure. Charles K. Turpin, Charlottesville, Tobago, West Indies.

Hotels

ST CHARLES
HOTEL

BEST BUY IN D.C.! \$29-\$39
Dupont/Embassy Area single

1731 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009
(202) 332-2226 (800) 424-2463

Instruction

PLAY & LEARN

Teach your children geography with Create-Game-Yourself method using easily-available materials. Send only \$1 to: **PLAY & LEARN**, 23300 Greenfield, #202, Oak Park, MI 48237.

TODAY'S POLAND: LITERATURE AND CULTURE. A two-week multi-disciplinary workshop (May 30-June 11) designed to assist professors and teachers in developing comprehensive units concerned with Poland, enabling their students to understand current events. 3 graduate or undergraduate credits. All participating faculty have worked in Poland. Inquiries: Professor Paul A. Bates, Dept. of English, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, CO 80523. (303) 491-5162, (303) 491-6428. Registration by May 25th.

From The Glimmerglass...

The Fourth
James Fenimore Cooper
Seminar

11-16 July 1982

Learn about Cooper and his
works from experts...
See the sites and sights of his
novels in person...
Read in a relaxed rural
atmosphere...

Academic credit available.
Write now for information to:

Cooper Seminar
State University of New York College
Oneonta, New York 13820



International Yoga Teacher Training Program—Certificated. Sept. 11-Oct. 10, 1982. Combine a fully integrated living experience with thorough teaching preparation. Nataraja Yoga Ashram, 3033 Central Avenue, San Diego, CA 92105. (714) 282-2111.

Beginning Magic. Use cards, coins, newspaper. Complete instructions, \$5. D. Sawyer, Box 2441, Glen Ellyn, IL 60137.

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literature

"LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE" and "JEAN'S WAY," unique books on self-deliverance for the dying. Available through Hemlock, P.O. Box 66218, Los Angeles, CA 90066. Send SASE or call (213) 391-1871.

Literary Services

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Current Catalog—\$2.00; Free searches., J. HOOD BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

Manuscripts edited by highly trained and qualified experts. LITERARY SERVICES INSTITUTE, Hillcreek, 1305 Milldam Road, Towson, MD 21204.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300, Dept. R, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113-0300.

Out-of-Print Bookfinder, Box 86RN, Cutten, CA 95534. Sent wants.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

Personal

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BUNNY. LOVE BONNY BONNY!!

MAKE FRIENDS WORLD-WIDE through international correspondence. 81,000 members in over 143 countries, ages 10-89. Write: I.P.F., Box 65, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

"CONQUER HARMFUL ANGER 100 WAYS." Find Love, Health, Security, Relief. Vernon Howard's powerful \$2 booklet. NEWLIFE, Box 275-JR, Boulder City, NV 89005.

MEET A FRIEND THROUGH A FRIEND. Become involved with quality, productive, professional single men and women. Call LET US INTRODUCE YOU (212) 362-4373.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE—The link between unattached music lovers. Write: CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081 Established 1970 [or call (215) 566-2132].

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. CONTACT® (212) 794-0050. Nationwide.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

JEWISH SINGLES—meet friendly, intelligent, high-quality professional Jewish men & women. Monday-Thursday, 1 pm - 8 pm (212) 734-5566.

SCANDINAVIAN LADIES, 18-65, sincere, seek correspondence/friendship. Details: Scannacub/9C, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

Postcards

REAGAN, CARTER, NIXON fully documented series, color. 54¢ for information, price list & samples. CORAL-LEE, P.O. Box 314-R, Rancho Cordova, CA 95670. (916) 635-6369.

Property Sale/Rent

BEACH COTTAGE: Eleuthera, Bahamas underdeveloped island, tranquil setting, beautiful ocean views, fully equipped, one bedroom, accommodates four, \$325-\$395 weekly. Bailey Conaway, 14888 Triadelphia Road, Glenelg, MD 21737. (301) 442-2676 between 6:30 and 8 p.m.

Own a piece of Florida! Deed to one square inch of the sunshine state. \$2.00. KLH, Box 7042, Ft. Myers, FL 33901.

MEXICO. Lovely country home near Patzcuaro. Superb mountain view, living/dining rooms, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, sunporch, terraces, \$55,000 U.S. Helen Van Arx, A.P. 73, Tacambaro, Michoacan, Mexico.

HAWAII-MAUI. Rent luxury condominium on secluded swimming beach. Pool, private lanai. Fully furnished. I. Bekey, 4624 Quarter Change Drive, Annandale, VA 22003. (703) 978-0094 or (213) 547-2880.

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those wanting attractive rates without a full year lease. They are pleasant and clean, equipped with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon St., #N, Boston, MA 02108

Publications

GRAVITY RESEARCH ASSN. BREAKTHROUGH. 100 pages, \$4, refundable. 3204 Breeze Terr., Austin, TX 78722.

NUCLEAR-WAR SURVIVAL HANDBOOK, \$5. Julius Rose, Richland, NJ 08350.

GRASSY KNOLL GAZETTE—8 pages, bi-monthly advice uncovering Coverup of who killed JFK, MLK, RFK, MJK. \$10/year. Cutler Designs, P.O. Box 1465, Manchester, MA 01944.

Recordings

DOES THE NEW FEDERALISM INVITE NEW FEDERALIST PAPERS?

Tune in the new 45 RPM recording which presents a musical response to Reaganomics and news from the Turkey Point Nuclear Plant. Send \$5.00 check or money order to:
STEPHEN MAHER, Dept. A, P.O. Box 344336
Coral Gables, Fla. 33134

Religion

BIBLE TRUTHS. God's plan for man. Free literature. SP-9, 205 So. 2nd St., El Cajon, CA 92021.

Services

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS BY A GRADUATE OF THE GRAPHOLOGY WORKSHOP. New School for Social Research, \$20.00. Mary L. Orloff, 1540 York Ave., New York, NY 10028.

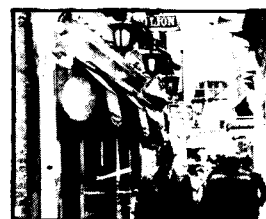
WASHINGTON, D.C., HOUSE SITTERS AVAILABLE. Four neat and responsible Harvard students (one a medical student and New Republic summer intern, the others of equal promise) seek house to care for and live in during summer, on monthly or seasonable basis. Competent gardeners. Can pay modest rent if necessary. Call editorial department, The New Republic: 331-7494.

Stationery

LOGOS/LETTERHEAD STATIONERY. Original, Creative design for professionals, associations, businesses. We'll plan layout, return for approval. Ream/\$40 up. Dods Studio, Pawnee City, NE 68420. (402) 852-2070.

Typewriters

SAVE UP TO 60%
FACTORY DIRECT BRAND NAMES
We sell only well-known brands—SMITH-CORONA, OLIVETTI, OLYMPIA, BROTHER, ROYAL, etc. Full warranty, packed in sealed cartons. Most orders shipped in 48 hours to your home.
FOR FASTER SERVICE CALL **(609) 452-7500** FREE CATALOG
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.
745 Alexander Rd. Princeton, NJ 08540 (dept GG)



by Anton Powell
LONDONWALKS

*Four intimate
walking tours of
London's most
historic and
enchanted areas,
with maps, photos
and a selected list of
restaurants, shops,
and pubs*

Name _____
Address _____

_____ @ \$8.95 (paperback)

ISBN: 0-03-059208-9

_____ @ \$15.95 (hardcover)

ISBN: 0-03-059748-X

Postage (5% of above subtotal) _____

Handling _____ .75

Applicable state & local taxes _____

Total enclosed: _____

Send to: Trade Order Dept.
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
521 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10175
Prices subject to change without notice.

TEST - SMOKE 5 FREE

Introducing El Toreros

- * Cigar bargain of the year.
- * Genuine Havana-seed filler.
- * Available only by mail.

Connoisseurs... how long has it been since you enjoyed the rich, deep-down flavor of a real genuine Havana-seed filler cigar... at a price you were happy to pay?

Now you can try these 6 1/4" beauties without risk... expertly wrapped with 100% actual leaf top-grade natural Cameroon wrapper and 100% vintage aged binder (not "seconds" but prime-quality hand-packed FIRSTS.)

Test and compare on this factory-direct offer. Order a "no-frills" bundle of 10 for only \$4.95 postpaid. Smoke 5 at our risk, and if not delighted return balance within 14 days for full refund. You save 40% over what you'd expect to pay if available in stores.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY.

Morales Cigar Co., Dept. EL-12

1725 8th Ave., Box 5111
Tampa, FL 33675

Rush bundle of 10 EL TOREROS per your offer.

- ☐ I enclose \$4.95 Ship postpaid.
☐ Charge to my Visa or Master Card account.
(Give name, account # & expiration date)

PRINT Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

RUSH ORDERS
call toll free

800-835-2246

Have Visa or
Master Card ready

T-Shirts



T-shirts and caps, \$5 (plus \$1 postage & handling). Buttons and bumperstickers, \$1 (plus 50c postage & handling). ALL PROCEEDS GO TO AFL-CIO's POLISH WORKERS AID FUND. Make checks payable to Frontlash/PWAF, 815 16th Street NW, Room 203, Washington, DC 20006.



T-Shirts. Show support for Polish union struggle. Red letters on White or Light Blue. S, M, L, XL. 100% cotton. \$6.50 + \$1.50 (shipping) ea. Shirt. Bumperstickers, \$1.00 ea. Send check or money order to KENMARCO, 1550 California Street, Suite 6L-183B, San Francisco, CA 94109.

"... RESTORE AMERICA'S GREATNESS."

Be skeptical. Buy this James Watt shirt. Bonafide quote Fine art on heavyweight cotton. S, M, L, XL. Tan, Lt. Grn., Dk. Grn., Lt. Blue, Dk. Blue, Yellow, Red. Only \$7.95 @ 2 = \$14.95. Poster* 17" x 22" \$2.95. Bumper Sticker* 3" x 12" \$1.95 @ *with order of 1 or more T-shirts. Immediate delivery. Free brochure with order. Add \$1.00 per shirt P & H.

Environmental Action Coalition
Box 11753 Dept. NR3, Milwaukee, WI 53211



"... RESTORE AMERICA'S GREATNESS."

BUY THIS T-SHIRT



while you still can afford to! Red, white, lt. blue. S,M,L,XL. \$7.95, 4/\$28. Shipping: 95c each. Immoral Minority T-Shirts also available in same colors, sizes, & price. Send check or money order to: Taxin Designs, Box 114, Moylan, PA 19065.

Vacation/Travel

"HIGH TOR" small private seaside inn. Footpath to beaches-coves. (207) 646-8232.

GAY KEY WEST—Luxury guesthouse, pool. Brochure: CYPRESS HOUSE, 601NR Caroline, KWFL 33040. (305) 294-6969.

LATIN AMERICA • AFRICA • ASIA

- Legendary PERU
- Ecuador • Galapagos
- Amazon & Incas
- World of the Maya
- AFFORDABLE Kenya
- Tanzania • Rwanda
- Botswana • Namibia
- Madagascar • And More

EXPLORE

FORUM TRAVEL INT'L.
2437 Durant #208 Berkeley, CA 94704 (415) 843-8294

Eugene O'Neill's Provincetown

Waterfront rooms with breathtaking views of Cape Cod Bay available by day, week, or season in historic Provincetown inn. Gourmet restaurant on premises. Write or call O'Neill's at Provincetown, 603 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass 02657 (617) 487-9000

Wanted

DEDICATED YOUNG MAN desires patroness for postgraduate degree in writing. TNR 1025.

Wanted: Ideal Job. I'm 22, journalist, photographer, published, funny, Yale grad, restless, diligent, unemployed soon. Hire me. (212) 788-6118.

Etc.

HAND-MARBLED PAPER—for stationery, calligraphy, crafts. SASE for free samples. Maurer, RD1, Centre Hall, PA 16828.

Save money on your next automobile. Buy wholesale. Two plans available. Send \$2 today! George Yarrington, 14-R Ben-Louis Drive, Belleville, IL 62223.

TIPPER'S TABLE. Wallet-size card for figuring 15% tips. \$1. Rithmetics, Box 720, Tillamook, OR 97141.

REAGAN HOOD
takes from the poor
gives to the military

PEACE
in the world
or
the world in
PIECES

"I CAN'T DANCE."
I DON'T WANT TO
BE PART OF YOUR
REVOLUTION

SURE, I'M A MARXIST!

Cost: \$6.50 each/Sizes S-M-L-XL Colors: tan, lt. blue, yellow, red
Northern Sun Merchandising, Box NR 1519 E. Franklin, Minneapolis, MN 55404

Sell It, Rent It, Trade It, Find It

When you place your ad in The New Republic classifieds, you place your ad in front of over 250,000 readers for \$1.25 a word per issue or \$38 per column inch for camera ready copy. If you would like TNR to prepare a display ad for you, call for free estimates. If you've never advertised in our classified section before, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER! Pay for two insertions and we'll throw in the third one FREE. (Further rate information on preceding page.)

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa # along with ad copy. Phone orders accepted with MasterCard/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC, 20036. (202) 331-7494.

I'LL DO IT! Enclosed is prepayment along with my ad copy. Please run my ad _____ times.

CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Forbidden Thoughts

THE BIG BEST SELLER of the spring season is likely to be *Eppie: The Story of Ann Landers* (Putnam), by her daughter, Margo Howard. I write about it for two reasons, and I wouldn't be writing about it if there were only one. The first reason is that Ann Landers is an important person in our culture, someone most TNR readers know about but don't read. That's certainly only one of the things that separates us from those millions of other Americans who have come to depend on her for guidance about behavior and the psychological life. Doubtless it would be better if all the perplexed and troubled members of society could be helped in deeper, longer-lasting, and more personal encounters. But given the constraints and inhibitions, Ann Landers has served them well. This elegant and earthy lady from Chicago may be a trifle repetitive, but she is tolerant, though not indulgent, respectful of tradition without being rigid or dogmatic. For many people she is probably the only "friend" from whom they'd be willing to hear forbidden thoughts. The second reason I write is that the author has made me, in some sense, responsible for this book. I'm the one, she says, who educated her. I rush to my own defense. In our long-ago college days, we were a couple; but alas, there is not much evidence of this education I am said to have imparted. However, there is great evidence of intuitive wisdom and wit, strength of character and perceptiveness about the ambiguities of experience, personal honesty and dignity which keeps some things private. Margo is as shrewd as Ann Landers, and shrewd about her, too.

LAST WEEK AT HARVARD I gave an oral examination to a bright senior who was defending her senior honors essay. I asked questions, she answered, we argued. Then I said something about cultural commissars in the U.S. Communist movement and the exasperated student exploded, "You don't have to resort to red-baiting." I didn't think I was. But there is a romantic revival of interest in 1930s radicalism, and my comments seemed to trespass on one of its assumptions: that Communists may have made mistakes but were decently motivated and, in any case, not individually or

collectively cruel. Unhappily, it is just not so. Yes, Virginia, there were American commissars, and though they didn't exactly dispense life and death in the manner of their European models, they did, under the confidence-building cover of ideology, excommunicate, terrorize, and otherwise dispose of many people's livelihoods, friendships, and good names. In some circles it is now virtually forbidden to remember all this, but it is nonetheless true.

WHAT IS FORBIDDEN to think and say or write is rarely made explicit. But in the May 1 *Nation* it is. Any dissent from the unilateralist orthodoxies on nuclear disarmament is now out of bounds: "On this issue reporters carry no responsibility to give 'the other side'; there is none." The article goes on: "Broadcasters need not give listeners with opposing points of view equal time. The only time of any consequence now is that which is fast running out." To this not un-Stalinist reasoning, the author, Richard Pollak, founding editor of *More*, the defunct journalism review, adds that Soviet behavior is not relevant to a discussion of nuclear policy. "It does no good to bleat about the Russians. We live in the open society, they don't. . . . I am convinced that no sane Soviet leader wants to start a nuclear cataclysm. But if I am wrong, there is nothing we can do about it short of blowing them up in the bargain." The fact, though, that the Russians expend huge amounts of scarce resources on civil defense—and that the populace routinely participates in CD exercises—suggests that Moscow thinks planning for winnable nuclear wars is rational. I think it's crazy. But that craziness is a fact of the age. It is also often said that, because the Russians had so many dead in World War II, they conceive of no alternative to peace. I believe the opposite may be true. An article beginning on page 27 of this issue, "The Horror, The Horror," gives an account of the mind-numbing number of Soviet citizens killed not in war but by the Soviet government in the process of consolidating the revolution. A society which does that to its own has an idiosyncratic view of tolerable costs.

I WAS ON A TELEVISION PANEL in Boston

last month discussing the Middle East. I argued that some of Israel's neighbors had what seemed to be endemically violent political cultures. I was called up short by Anthony Lewis, who asked how I would like it if someone attributed "endemic" traits to the Israelis. The specter he raised is that of racism. Well, I believe nations have distinctive characters, intrinsic if not immutable. Israelis, for example, tend to be arrogant and stubborn. And, as for stereotyping the Israelis, which pundit has not imputed to them a Masada complex? In the Islamic countries people still kill each other routinely over theological, ethnic, and political differences. Like in Ireland, but more so. A mob in the street does what parliaments are meant to. As you read this, Iraqis and Iranians are killing each other. Syrians and Iraqis are preparing to kill each other. So are North and South Yemenese. We all know about the Afghanis. Sunni and Shiite in Lebanon have been killing each other for years. Reuters reported that only last weekend fifty-six Lebanese were killed in skirmishes between the Arab Democratic Front and the Popular Resistance Organization in Tripoli alone. These awful facts are not missed by the Israelis. The Libyans would like a shot at the Egyptians, the Algerians at the Moroccans, the Iraqis at the Kuwaitis, the Saudis at the Omanis. This says something—just possibly something important. William Cody in the *Washington Post* of May 3 and David Ignatius in the *Wall Street Journal* of May 6 have published desolating reports on the ravaging by Syrian troops of the ancient Syrian city of Hama. The accounts appear months after the fact because this was a battle which, unlike the well-known Israeli invasion of Lebanon that didn't happen, the Syrians did not want it covered while it was going on. Now there is the silent testimony of 5,000 dead, the *Journal* says 10,000 dead, others say more. Who knows? Who really cares besides the orphaned? This carnage is what Arabs do to themselves. What would they do to the Jews if they had half a chance? It is not a nice thought, and it should not, out of some delicacy of feeling or propriety, be a forbidden one.

M. P.

M I N I - S I Z E

MAXI-SOUND

ADD A NEW DIMENSION TO YOUR PERSONAL WALKAROUND STEREO
WITH AMPLIFIED MFS-6300 SPEAKERS FROM MI-FI™

"Any audiophile who wants to enhance his walkaround in true amplified stereo should seriously consider these truly amazing revolutionary speakers. Hand-somely styled and ultra-compact, they produce a breathtaking range and fidelity—perfect for the office, dormitory or vacations. A not-to-be-missed bargain."

Jonathan Black
Feature Service Editor
Penthouse Magazine

Personal walkaround stereos have changed the listening habits of over five million Americans in the past few years. One of the most successful selling items in the history of hi-fi, walkarounds combine exceptional sound with a lightweight, compact size that allows for maximum mobility while listening.

Now microFIDELITY has taken the same concept of micro-technology that produced the personal stereo cassette and FM stereo players and applied it to the new MI-FI™ MFS-6300 micro loudspeakers. Our MFS-6300 speakers plug into any 120V AC receptacle and turn your walkaround into a total miniature component system that delivers exceptional sound anywhere—without headphones!

Ours Exclusively

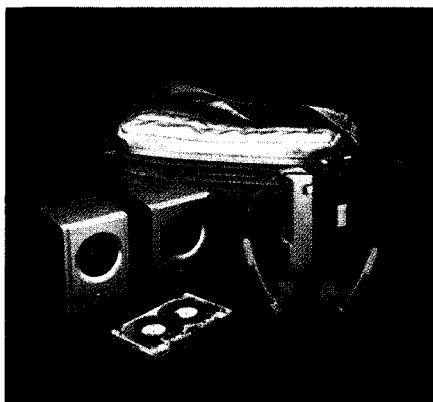
The MFS-6300 speakers are made exclusively for microFIDELITY. Unlike similar speakers you may have seen, the *MFS-6300 speakers have a built in five watt microchip amplifier in each speaker*. This extra boost in power combined with the "state-of-the-art" polymer-impregnated long fiber diaphragms produces a staggering amount of *true amplified stereo* sound from a remarkably small source. Small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, the MFS-6300 speakers give you high output, wide response and low distortion, all in a size that's truly hard to believe. They are made of heavy die cast aluminum so they're strong, durable and free from harmonic vibrations which are common in look alike plastic models. They plug into *any* personal stereo cassette or FM stereo player and are provided with an integral protection circuit as well as an additional non-amplified input so you can use them with your home system. Maximum power handling is 20 watts rms per channel through the non amplified section. There's even a special adaptor available which lets you plug your MFS-6300 speakers into the



Features of the MFS-6300 micro loudspeaker

Frequency Response:	200 - 20,000 Hz
Impedance:	20 ohms
Maximum Input:	20 watts—rms
Sound Pressure Level:	84 db/W/m
Dimensions:	3 1/2" (H) x 2 1/4" (W) x 2 1/4" (D)
Weight per Speaker:	1 1/2 lbs. (675 kg)
Power Requirements:	12 V DC with adaptor (supplied)

Built-in 5 watt micro chip amplifier.
LED power indicator.
On/Off power switch.
Speaker cord with mini-plug connectors for hook-up to any personal cassette or FM player. Allows up to 12' separation.
Separate mini-plug input for direct hook-up to external amplifier.



headphone jack of most home tape players, tuners or receivers.

How Good Are They?

Well, we've played them for dozens of people and we always get the same reaction. First they smile. They shake their heads in disbelief and then they grin! We want you to try our MFS-6300 speakers. They're not available in stores, but we can send them to you for \$85 a pair plus \$5 shipping. And, if you don't start grinning once you hear them just send them back to us within 30 days *and we'll refund your purchase price, in full!*

The Complete Package

If you don't already own a walkaround cassette player but want the dual advantage of a high quality personal and public stereo system we can send you the MFS-6300 speakers plus a MI-FI™ MFC-7400 cassette player for \$195 plus \$10 shipping.

The cassette player operates on 3 AA batteries and is supplied with superlight open-air type headphones. Our 30 day satisfaction guarantee also applies to this complete system. And, when you buy the complete system we'll throw in a handsome carry case with shoulder strap absolutely *FREE!*

On our player or yours the MFS-6300 speakers deliver you into a new world of acoustic possibility. They make any walkaround player a runaway favorite.

ORDER TOLL FREE

Credit card holders use our toll-free numbers. Or send a check.
Order the complete mini-stereo system MFK-1370 with *FREE* carry case: \$195 plus \$10 delivery. Order a pair of MFS-6300 speakers only: \$85 plus \$5 delivery.

800-228-5505

800-453-9500

Call either of the above numbers 24 hours a day.

microFIDELITY
Dept. NRM52
205 Liberty Square
Norwalk, CT. 06855

MI-FI is a registered trademark. © 1982 microFIDELITY Inc.

microFIDELITY...listen *and* smile